

TOC H JOURNAL

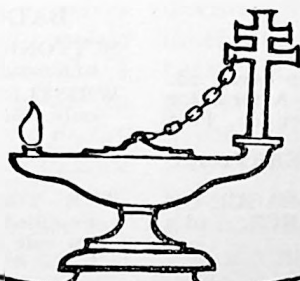


CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1935.

TRAINING :	Page.
I. Training; the Mystery and the Art, by H. A. S.	335
II. Making Men through Study, by F. E. F.	338
CIGARETTE IN PICARDY, by Zed	343
PATHFINDERS OF GOD, by Jim Burford	345
MULTUM IN PARVO	347
TWENTY-ONE	348
THE STAFF CONFERENCE OF 1935	349
SHOULD TOC H BE IN REVOLT? by B. S. Browne	353
WHERE THE ARTIST COMES IN, by Brian Peace	357
FIVE IN ONE	357
BROADCASTING DISCUSSION GROUPS	358
TALBOT HOUSE CLUB	360
WHY ARE WE IN TOC H? By B. T. D.	363
THE OPEN HUSTINGS: <i>The Battle of the 'Flicks'</i> —Mamelon Loughbolly, 'Theatre Lover'; <i>The Birth of an Idea?</i> — 'Already Married'	365
THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT	369
THE ELDER BRETHREN: C. Byrne; R. Dickinson; P. A. W. Skinner; T. E. Payne; F. J. Harwood; F. Lindsell; A. Patterson	370
THE PILGRIM'S GIFT: <i>Verse</i> , by L. B.	370
A BAG OF BOOKS: Two Good Reprints; In Lumine Tuo	371
THE FAMILY CHRONICLE: From Aden; Shanghai; Hong Kong; South Western Area	373

VOLUME XIII.

NUMBER 9



TOC H PUBLICATIONS

*All communications regarding publications should be sent to the Registrar,
47, Francis Street, S.W.1.*

Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.

BOOKS

By Tubby

TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. Boards 1s.
PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. Longmans, 3s. 6d.; 36s. per dozen.
EARTHQUAKE LOVE. Geoffrey Bles, 3s. 6d.; 36s. per dozen.
LETTERS FROM FLANDERS. Centenary Press, 3s. 6d.

By Other Hands

TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP. Edited by P. B. C. Longmans. Paper, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.
THE YEARS BETWEEN. The Story of Toc H, 1919-1922. 1s.
A TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES FOR USE IN TOC H. 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
A POCKETFUL OF PRAYERS FOR TOC H. New Edition. 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
LONDON BELOW BRIDGES. H. Secretan. 3s. 6d.; 36s. per dozen.
ARTIFEX: THE CRAFTSMAN IN TOC H. By B. B. and K. F. Illustrated. 48 pp. 1s.

PAMPHLETS

THE ROYAL CHARTER OF TOC H. Full text of 1922 and Amendments of 1925. 3d.
A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS. 2 pp. Free. Post Free.
TOC H: ITS WORK AND WAYS. By P. B. C. Free. Post Free.
THE STORY OF TOC H. By B. T. D. 1d.
CONCERNING TOC H. 2d. each; 1s. 6d. per dozen.
1. *Talbot House.* 16 pp.
2. *The Re-Birth.* 12 pp.
3. *The First Ten Years.* 8 pp.
4. *The Main Resolution.* 12 pp.
6. *Fellowship.* 12 pp.
7. *Thinking Fairly.* 12 pp.
"I SERVE." How a man can help boys. 2d.
"TO JOG THE JOBMASER." A form for Jobmasters and Members. 4s. per 100. Post Free.
A HYMN SHEET FOR TOC H SERVICES. 4s. 6d. per 100. Post Free.
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LEAGUE OF THE LAMP OF MAINTENANCE. 1d.; 5s. per 100.

HANDBOOKS

BUILDING TOC H. 3d.
RULES OF THE ROAD. A handbook for Toc H. Limp Linen. 150 pp. 1s.
THE TOC H PADRE. By H. F. S. 6d.
"JOBS." By G. A. L. 3d.
DISTRICT TEAMS. By G. A. L. 3d.
PILOTS. By A. G. C. 3d.
TOC H IN THE ROYAL NAVY. 3d.
TOC H IN THE R.A.F. 3d.

MUSIC, MASQUES AND MIMES

THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP. A Masque. Part I. By Barclay Baron. Music by Christopher Ogle. 1s.; 9s. per dozen. Part II. By M. Creagh Henry and D. Marten. 6d.; 4s. 6d. per dozen. Together 1s. 6d.; 13s. per dozen.
AT THE SIGN OF THE STAR. A Mime. By Barclay Baron. Music by Martin Shaw. The Oxford University Press. Vocal Score, 2s.
THE THORN OF AVALON. An Opera in Three Acts. By Barclay Baron. Music by Martin Shaw. Oxford University Press. 2s.
THE TOC H SONG BOOK. 135 songs, words and music. 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
NEWCASTLE SONG SHEET (No. 1). 1d. each; 3s. 6d. per 50.

PICTURES

THE UPPER ROOM IN 1916. 4d.
"HERE IS A QUIET ROOM." 4d.
SET OF FIVE CARDS. Suitable for framing: Main Resolution. Objects of the Association. The Ceremony of Light. The Toc H Prayer. Initiation to Membership. 6d. per set.

BADGES OF MEMBERSHIP

BUTTONHOLE BADGES. 6d.; 5s. per dozen to Branch and Group Secretaries.
WRISTLET BADGES. For Service members only. Metal badge complete with strap, 2s.

THE JOURNAL

THE TOC H JOURNAL. Monthly, 6d. Supplied to Secretaries at 4s. 4d. per dozen, for sale at 6d. per copy. Yearly, 5s.

TRAINING

The word 'Training,' which in the last year or two has become more and more familiar to our members, is not new in Toc H. Our war-time generation knew well what it meant, and how irksome it was—and how vital. It meant, first of all, physical fitness and mental alertness; it went on to mean a mass of detailed instruction about the way a rifle worked or a howitzer was sighted or an attack was conducted or a wound dressed. And on a man's training hung not merely his efficiency, but often whether he was to win or to lose, to remain alive or be just dead. In the campaign on which Toc H nowadays is engaged the same is true. If we are to serve our day and generation effectively, a

genial blundering in and out of small jobs of social service is not enough. And so 'training'—both for the fitness of our characters and in the details of our jobs—is taking its proper place in the life of Toc H members.

The 'main theme' of the annual Staff Conference this year (see pages 349-352) was 'Training,' and what follows is, first, the Hon. Administrator's introductory talk, and, secondly, a talk by Bobs Ford on the special side of training which he has recently been tackling in some Areas. These talks, even detached from the series of which they formed part, may give a wider audience food for thought.

I—Training: The Mystery and the Art

OUR subject this year is to be 'Training.' For this week we are to consider ourselves, borrowing a phrase from the old indentures, as "apprentices bound unto our Master to learn the art and mystery of His calling." It is a huge subject and this can only be a very general and sketchy introduction.

I want to begin by just suggesting to you the contrast in the way we are tackling things this year and last year. Last year, you will remember, we came to this Conference feeling rather generally that we had got entangled in the daily routine of keeping Toc H running. We came with the idea of trying to renew our vision; we tried to see the thing big. In doing so we ignored a lot of practical details. We wanted to reassure ourselves as to the meaning and depth and purpose of the thing to which we belonged. I think, on the whole, we succeeded in doing that last year. I ventured to say on the last night of last year's Conference that we had found with all our differences that there was a unity in the vision we had seen, but that it was certain to become clouded over. It would be a struggle

sometimes to keep our hold on it. I hope we have succeeded in doing so in spite of the clouds. This year our approach is different. We pass from a bird's-eye view to work on the ground with map and compass. I think it is true always that the more you know of a subject, the more conscious you become of your own ignorance of it. A schoolboy will give you a clear and, to him, a satisfactory account of history. For example, he will tell you that Queen Elizabeth succeeded Bloody Mary, encouraged merchant adventurers, chopped off the head of Mary and beat the Spanish Armada. The moment the scholar begins to dig into the life of that illustrious Queen, he finds the threads so complex that he can hardly disentangle them. The old apprenticeship indentures were right. It was just because that great woman grasped the mystery of her calling and always saw beyond the twists and turns of her diplomacy the England of the future which it was her business to make, that she became the consummate artist that she was. It was the mystery of her calling that illuminated her art. It is a touch of that

mysterious affinity with the essence of what a man is doing which in all great callings transcends mere scientific skill. It is different from actual skill and, in some mysterious sense, illumines it. You can observe it working in the carpenter, in the seaman handling his ship, the same purposeful accord between him and the material he is working. In our calling there is a mystery as well as an art.

The art—and mystery

Our business this week is to study the art, and we have got to remember that insight into the mystery is not a substitute for the laborious learning of the art. If we fail to bear that in mind, I think disaster is certain, and the danger of it is nearer to us in Toc H than some of us realise. It is only as we learn the art that the mystery or spirit becomes effective. It will be worth while to consider some of the dangers of ignoring the art for the mystery for us in Toc H. First, Toc H was born in the simplicity of war and has to work itself out in the complexity of peace. The machinery of war may seem complex, but in it the motives of men are fined down to simple elemental things. Talbot House was there, quite properly, to create conditions that brought men to the padre. That was its job when it was started. It was natural that it should be so because men looked inward towards their own souls. To-day, in contrast to that, many are finding that there can be no salvation for them apart from the salvation of their brothers. Each is a tiny Atlas, bearing the world on his shoulders. That is perhaps rather overstating the position, but I think it is a real danger that arises out of the historical circumstances of our birth. When men ask "Cannot we get back to the simple elementary things we had in the war years?" does it not mean that they are refusing to

undertake the labour of learning the art? The mystery is the same. The art must adapt itself to the new conditions. This is the *historical* danger.

I think it was Pat who coined the phrase "Toc H is God's show." When he did so, he meant nothing facile but the difficult, patient practice of an art illumined for us by the belief that God is working through it, mistakes and all, and that in the light of that mystery our efforts transcend ourselves. But it is so easy to make that phrase or its equivalent an excuse for leaving to God all the grind, and hugging ourselves with a comfortable sense that we are 'illuminati' and need'nt bother. That one may call the *sentimental* danger.

'A living medium'

Thirdly, there is the *static* danger. It arises from forgetting that we are working in a living medium and we must feel it pulsing about us. I have just come from a place where Sam Weller ought to have been born; for it is indifferently called Visby or Wisby. It has a vast fortified wall enclosing now the ruins of a dozen great churches and a little bit of a town. The history of that town is rather interesting. In its time it was a leader of the Hanseatic league. The citizens were certain that it was always going to be so and they built accordingly. But changes in the trade routes altered everything and they began to lose place. Other cities became more powerful and there came a day when the men of Wisby stood helpless on their mighty wall and saw their ships driven from the seas. They had stood still in a changing world and the world had gone past them. It might easily be the same with Toc H if it becomes static. Slogans and rituals and lamps and customs are all good as the expression and the binding up of real

lives, but they will not save us if we are content to stand still on our walls while the life of the sea around us has gone elsewhere. I do not think that danger is so near us as it was. There was a time when it was a real danger. Every one of these three dangers forces upon us the necessity for reviewing our apprenticeship in Toc H and realizing that it contains an art as well as a mystery.

In short, they enforce the lesson that training in our calling is essential. That is why this week we are to emphasise the art rather than the mystery. The art without the mystery is dead; the mystery soon becomes nebulous if it is not applied in the art.

Training all round

What, then, is this training? We must get that clear. First of all, I would suggest that it is not just something tacked on to Toc H as a sort of refinement, but coterminous with the life of Toc H. Training is a word that has come to be used a lot in the last two or three years. It may be there is a real danger that it should come to stand for something outside the scope of the workaday member; something queer that a certain number of hard-boiled or soft members like to indulge in at week-ends. I think it would be disastrous if that came to pass in Toc H. Training week-ends have a real place in Toc H. They are like tonics but tonics are not a suitable diet for every day. Our business is to learn the art of living in all its aspects. Then every Toc H activity, including relaxation and laughter (for they are very central), must be judged by whether or not it is training each man to bring out in himself and his fellow more of what might be his possible best self. I would suggest to you that training has got to run right through. Guest-nights, Family Nights, Business Nights, Jobs, Study Circles, Camps, the

exercise of leadership in District and Area, Finance and Worship and Friendship and Service—every one are all parts of this whole training, all concerned with helping men to widen and deepen their lives. We are going to study these in detail during this week. If we can look at all our Toc H activities in this way, we shall go far towards getting rid of that deadness which sometimes affects units; we shall open our doors to the winds of the spirit and the mystery of our art.

Training—and Teaching

We can only hope to maintain that sense of aliveness against deadness by consciously attempting to learn and practice the art. That means we have to grasp the fact that training is much wider than teaching. There are three elements in it. Teaching is one. If a man is going to be trained, he has to be taught by a man who knows, not much more, perhaps, but a little more than he does. Secondly, he has to talk over the thing that he has been taught and so be sure of making it his own. Like food it is only assimilated when it becomes part of himself, and for that the process of chewing is essential. Thirdly, there is the practising of it, trying it out in the life of the Branch or Group, or District or Area, checking up the practice against the theory, coming back to the teacher and each other—especially each other—with our difficulties. So we advance, step by step. That is, as I see it, training. Every time that happens there is a move on in the life of the man who is training. And because of that, specialised training nights, or training week-ends have real value. Because a man is doing a special piece of work, he does want to hear periodically the best man on the job, to chew it over with others in the light of their own difficulties, to try it out and probably fail and come back and see why

he failed. Here we want to come back to the apprenticeship principle. It helps to keep us straight. The job dictates to the journeyman. He must turn out his tally of finished products. But with the apprentice, the person is always more important than the job. His own growth in capacity not the output of his lathe or tool is what is at stake. That does not mean that efficiency can be ignored, because that is an element in the master craftsman-ship he is seeking to acquire. But narrow efficiency must not blunt his growing sense of the mystery of his calling. In life, mastery is never fully achieved, and because Toc H is an apprenticeship to life there is always going to be a certain inefficiency in Toc H. We mustn't glory in it, we must labour to reduce it, but we mustn't let efficiency be our god, for man cannot worship two gods.

Lastly, our training has got to leave room for some specialisation. The fundamental bases we ought all to get if we regard the whole of Toc H as a training. But there are always individuals who have a natural bias for one form of it more than another. The sense of the whole we all need. That is what makes the difference between the man who can best apply Toc H through jobs and the man who can see nothing in Toc H except jobs. Variety is of the essence of Toc H for we are engaged in building up individual lives. The subjects for successive nights this week should help us, without losing sight of the whole, to study very practically the ways in which we can apply the various phases of Toc H activity to their only true purpose, the making of men according, not to man's cheap specification, but to God's true one. H. A. S.

II—Making Men Through Study

Never did an age so need men who can think straight for themselves. How far can Toc H, through reading, corporate study and thought, rise to its responsibilities?

We have lately been rather heavily stressing the need for thinking in Toc H. To provoke thought through talk and discussion has been the main object of my visits to District Teams and other groups during the past year. Why do we bother so much about it? This is how I try to work out a fundamental justification for the emphasis.

The ultimate function of the mind, by which I mean, at the moment, the thinking part of personality, is to lay hold on Truth. Truth is an aspect of God. That is why thinking matters as much as the perception of Beauty or the aiming at Goodness. It is an inevitable way for every man towards his fuller relationship with Ultimate Reality. Each must tread that way, and upon how far we go down it—allowing for handicaps—depends our nearness to God. Of Hegel's phrase *Das*

Denken ist auch Gottesdienst (thinking is also worship), Dean Matthews in his book *God*, says it "was not a poor excuse for not going to church, for the most severe and faithful thought, not only thought about so-called 'sacred' subjects, is religious." It is an inevitable way for every man, for human personality is endowed with reasoning as well as feeling parts, and until both are being used to capacity the whole personality cannot be put into harmonious and fully effective action. It is only personalities which are expressing themselves in action to the limit of their capacity that are in complete communion with God. Lest this should seem to suggest the exaltation of the human mind to an unjustified position of independence, I would add my belief that it is God who is continually guiding and inspiring the search after Truth.

Why think?

My terms may need definition which I cannot give, but that is my attempt to work out a fundamental justification for the push we are making over this thinking business. A justification of some sort is important because there are many who decry this push. Two counter-arguments, in particular, have been slung at me. The first is that there is no call to make such a fuss because more people are thinking to-day than ever before. Apart from the foregoing justification on general grounds, there is something to be said against this particular argument. While it is practically impossible, and not very profitable, to assess the amount of thinking done by different ages, it does appear to be true that the human mind has its periods of slothfulness and its periods of rebellion. For centuries men will accept as truth the result of other men's thinking. Then the rebels begin to question. Their enquiring uncovers a new piece of Truth and usually a fight follows between the mentally awake and the mentally asleep. The new piece of Truth, e.g., that the earth goes round the sun, or that man is the result of some sort of evolutionary process, is gradually assimilated and perhaps another period of slothfulness follows. Surely it is the rebel, enquiring, scientific mind which is helping to bridge the gulf between man and God. However much thinking is being done in this age, it is the awake mind that every age is always needing.

Stretching the Mind

But anyhow, I believe, this counter-argument often arises from a confusion between two quite different things—having more facts to think about and thinking more about these facts. The child of to-day at school, or the adult, reading newspapers, books or listening-in, certainly has infinitely more facts pre-

sented to him than could have been the case twenty-five or fifty years ago. But mere receiving of facts is a passive and almost valueless process. To think about those facts, to assess for ourselves their value, to form our own judgment about them is a very active process and as valuable as, I fear, it is rare. Even if it could be proved that this kind of active thinking for oneself is not so rare, I would go on stressing the need for it because the healthy mind can stretch and stretch and stretch. There is no limit to its activity. Every age is always needing minds active as well as minds awake.

The trained Mind

It is largely the existence of this multitude of facts which gives rise to the second counter-argument, *viz.*, that most of us have not had sufficient mental training to do any useful thinking. Life is so complicated that we must take this on authority and leave that to the expert. Well, first, just as thoughtless lay critics of the clergy need to remind themselves that the objects of their criticism are recruited exclusively from the ranks of the laity, so we need to remember that authorities and experts don't just happen. They have to be produced, and if it is a question of criticising our economists and statesmen, we may consider if we are not getting what we deserve. Why should not Toc H take its share in producing trustworthy authorities and experts?

First-hand Thought

Secondly, we readily admit that in these days of very complicated problems, we must take much at second-hand, but let us be aware of an insidious danger herein involved—the temptation to hand over all our thinking to others. We cannot all be authorities and experts, but we can all be men trying to think for ourselves to the limit of our capacities. I believe here is raised the burning issue between the

totalitarian and the democratic state. I do not think there can be two Christian minds on that issue. It is man's responsibility—and, therefore, the State must leave him free—to think for himself to the limit of his capacity.

'From the neck up'

A young member proudly announced to a sympathetic questioner in a railway carriage that he was in Toc H, in fact he was up to the neck in it. This sounds all right, but how many of us are up to the neck in Toc H, and no further? I have seen Hindu holy men who have vowed to mortify the flesh by holding one arm perpetually above the head. The arm has naturally become atrophied and useless. That is what happens to any faculty that is not used—including the thinking faculty. Some of Christ's sternest sayings are about people who do not use their faculties. There was the man who buried his talent. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath." It is not really a stern saying, it is merely a statement of fact. The object of the parabolic teaching of Jesus, says Mr. T. W. Manson, "is to awaken insight and understanding, to bring men to think for themselves on the issues which concern their true blessedness." Too often we allow ourselves to go dead from the neck up.

Faith and Reason

There is a third counter-argument which claims a place for faith as well as reason. Peter Monie said good things on this point in a recent JOURNAL. Faith is not blind; it gives illumination. "Faith was intended to lead us to seek comprehension, not to rest content with assenting to what we do not even try to understand."

Of course, the most real, yet most rarely admitted, counter-argument is that thinking hurts and thinking frightens. It demands a hard discipline and may take us down strange and fearful roads.

There is a final word I would like to say before coming nearer to practicalities. When we emphasise the need for thinking we must not forget, as I have already suggested, that reason is not the only part of personality. Feeling is an equally important part. Without venturing on the dangerous, uncharted sea of psychological terms, I feel fairly safe in saying that, for general purposes, thinking and feeling should always be co-operating equally if the whole personality is to be put into effective action. Head and heart in double harness sets the hand to most effective action.

The Thinker is a Leader

Now let me briefly quote two writers to help you to see what I have in mind when I speak of 'thinking for oneself' and 'straight thinking.' The Abbé Dimnet† has a good description of the thinker—and he is referring to the motor mechanic as well as the Mussolini. "What is it that characterises the thinker? First of all, and obviously, vision. . . . The thinker is pre-eminently a man who sees where others do not. . . . Independence is the word that describes the moral aspect of this capacity for vision. Nothing is more striking than the absence of intellectual independence in most humans: they conform in opinion as they do in manners, and are perfectly content with repeating formulæ. While they do so, the thinker calmly looks round, giving full play to his mental freedom. . . . In their innermost nature, thinkers are pre-eminently teachers. . . . (of) the truth they see. The thinker, whether he wishes it or not, is a leader."

† *The Art of Thinking*. Ernest Dimnet. 'Travellers' Library.

Then on 'straight thinking' Professor Thouless* says "The supreme example of straight thinking is provided by science. The scientist weighs, measures and calculates without any use of emotional phraseology, guided only by a simple creed of the universality of the law of cause and effect." It is a method which justifies itself, the writer claims, because it gives more and more knowledge, and, when applied to practical questions, it gives increasing control over environment. We use it to cure disease in the body. We have not yet learned to use it to cure disease in the national or international body politic.

We can all think

One of the most fascinating things about Dimnet's book is that it shows thinking to be an art which all can learn. We cannot all become geniuses, but we can all progress indefinitely if we are prepared to undergo the discipline. What training for this side of the wider art of living is Toc H offering men? Generally speaking, I should say that while Toc H offers an abundance of material for minds to work on, we do not take enough trouble to ensure that minds actually get to work. Within the normal life of any good unit infinite opportunities for thinking are provided. If there are twenty-five members, there are twenty-five entirely different lives to be thought about. I say twenty-five and not twenty-four, for we shall be wise to begin on our own lives. Such material ought to open up almost every subject under the sun. Then there are the infinitely varied lives and circumstances of the people we meet on our jobs and the problems the jobs imply. There are the topics raised by the expert speakers in a well-planned programme. There are the problems of human rela-

tionships involved in the building of the Movement itself and there is the inevitable challenge of the Fourth Point of the Compass to work out for ourselves a unified theory of the universe.

Our Pledge

The member, of course, undertakes that he will "strive to think," for, as has often been said, there can be no fair thinking until there is thinking. In hundreds of cases he is keeping his word. But what can be said to help the remaining thousands who are not keeping their word so successfully, chiefly, I suppose, because they don't know how? Two things at once suggest themselves. (1) We must be men who are thinking for ourselves and undergoing the discipline this involves. Time must be made for this, and spending time so is one of the best ways of ensuring that we earn our keep. (2) When we speak, while we must witness to the truth our own thinking has discovered, let our object be, not to make men think as we think, but to make men think for themselves. This is not the method of quick returns. It may demand a lifetime of patience. And we must have no fears as to where their thinking will take men. Dr. Rivers of Cambridge is reported to have said, "When students no longer contradict me flatly to my face, I shall know that I have grown old."

Thinking as a 'Job'

Then consider what a difference it would make if every unit could contain at any rate a handful of men who were trying more consciously to think for themselves and to think straight.

Their mental aliveness would automatically enliven the whole unit. They will be so convinced of the value of thinking that they will not rest content until all are beginning to learn the art. Without

* *Straight and Crooked Thinking*. R. H. Thouless. Hodder & Stoughton.

being specifically given the job, they will see that programmes are purposively arranged. They will see that there is some preparation before any expert speaker comes, and that there shall be some well-guided discussion afterwards to "stab wide awake" the would-be passive listener to a good talk. They may well become the trusted advisers of some men in their reading and study and arrange study circles for small groups. This will involve learning how to lead such circles, and I should recommend for this the reading of Professor Thouless' book from which I have already quoted. They may also be the source of that much-needed imagination in the matter of jobs, and may not time spent in corporate, if not in individual, thinking come to be regarded as a most valuable job in itself? Especially in the country-side I can see such an idea working out.

'Training Courses'

And this leads me to consider those groups of men called together specifically for "training" purposes. Essentially the normal unit life is the normal training ground, but there is a case for drawing some men temporarily out of their units to meet others of about the same mental aliveness. This is done with week-ends, Saturday afternoons or week-night evenings. Courses on a series of week-night evenings as run in the Liverpool and Northern Areas and, in a more limited way, during my visit to the Manchester Area, are worth exploring a good deal further. It might also be worth continuing the experiment I have been trying out in different Areas of persuading District Teams to give three consecutive meeting nights, perhaps inserting one special meeting, when routine business shall be reduced to a bare minimum and a course

of talks and discussions shall be substituted. If this were done, say, once a year, it would at least emphasise the importance of giving time to the consideration of wider issues. If there is no spare part attached to H.Q., there is no reason why Area or neighbouring Area Staff should not be called upon to lead these discussions.

Creative Thought

One of the main results of these specific 'training' efforts is that men learn to think a little better. Nor does it end with the week-end or the evening. Men go back to their units mentally more active and awake, with an infection to pass on.

I end with a quotation from the last pages of the Abbé Dimnet's book: "This book has not been written for literary people, although it had to be based on a writer's experience. Nothing could be farther removed from its purpose than a tendency to regard the thinker as a specialist instead of as merely a man worthy of the name. The author feels deep respect for any man in possession of high principles which speak through his conduct as well as through his speech. Whatever may be his deficiencies this man is a thought incarnate.

"Give such a person the means of strengthening his thinking capacity by broadening the field and raising the level of his thought, you will make him and his influence proportionately greater. Show him the possibility of attaining to Vision or Creativeness, and you lift him up to the supreme height."

Give Toc H the means of strengthening its thinking capacity and we shall make it and its influence proportionately greater. Occasionally it may be lifted to the supreme height of real Vision and Creativeness.

F. E. F.

CIGARETTE IN PICARDY

DAWN was breaking in Picardy as I smoked my very first cigarette, but that was long ago. I have smoked many thousands of cigarettes since then, and I suppose I shall smoke thousands more, but never can there be another like that which sent its blue spiral twirling upwards in the slight Picardy mist of the early dawn of July 1, 1916.

At dawn that day we all smoked cigarettes—a popular brand considered more dignified if slightly less soldierly than “Ruby Queen,” “Half-a-Mo’, Kaiser,” or “Trumpeter”—for Kitchener’s Army was to do battle on the Somme.

Some of my pals smoked with reckless abandon, inhaling into lungs which soon might be devoid of breath for ever.

My battalion, or the first attacking waves of it, went over ‘at the slope,’ most men with a cigarette stuck jauntily between their lips, as if in extended order on the fringe of Salisbury Plain.

Some of us munched chocolate before the attack, for there had been a generous issue of that, too, as well as cigarettes. We needed cigarettes, and chocolates as well, if they would help to steady nerves in an apprentice army; for on July 1 there were to be fired by the British artillery nearly 13,000 tons of ammunition on the Western front, and many thousands of tons of German ammunition were to be thrown back in reply.

The Somme was a well-prepared “show,” or so we thought. We had rehearsed, but without the cigarettes, on a model “battlefield” at Picquigny, a long, long way from the Carnoy Valley, some weeks before.

Our trenches then had been dug in a field of growing corn, for which no doubt a goodly compensation had been paid to some French farmer. War was war, and corn—like men—had to be destroyed before it came to full fruition.

If a charitable commissariat had made possible the liberal issue of cigarettes and chocolate in the assembly trenches in front of Carnoy, engineers in the areas to the rear had sunk wells and borings and had installed over 100 pumping plants.

They had laid over 120 miles of water mains to supply the needs of men and of horses, for war is thirsty work. They had constructed miles and miles of new railways, trench tramways and telephone systems, to help us fight the Battle of the Somme.

We had a double-ration breakfast on that July morning, too, so well were we cared for; the first of the only two double-ration breakfasts I ever had during wartime. The second was on the following morning, when the assault for us was over, and I breakfasted with a withered company.

The dawn was breaking fair and warm as I drew the first smoke from my first cigarette, and three hundred yards or more away we could dimly discern the “Austrian Front Line,” our first objective. Birds began to twitter in the charcoal as the sun rose higher. The long grass in front of Pommiers Redoubt—our final objective—undulated gracefully as a tiny breeze stirred it. It was a Saturday morning made for gods and not for human slaughter; but still the sun rose higher.

The smoke from the weed between my lips got into my eyes, and I coughed a little, just a clumsy, uncultured smoker chewing the end of an “issue” cigarette instead of scarcely touching it with my lips as I do now.

My Division lost 3,707 men that day. It is recorded in history. And we took 695 prisoners. That also is recorded. How many of the enemy we killed we

never knew. We had no time to count them, even if that had been possible.

At half-past six our guns burst furiously into hate's hurricane, and soon there came reply. They had given us shells in plenty, the people at home. They had stinted us of nothing. Everything we needed we had, even before we knew our need. We were the youth of England fighting for our country.

Everything was ours: the right to fight; the right to kill; the right to enjoy a double-ration breakfast while waiting for zero-hour; the right to make our pals and lose them; the right to munch chocolate and smoke cigarettes just before we went to seek for glory.

Yes, it was good to be young. The dawn was wonderful. Eight minutes before zero, trench mortars added to the miracle of nature, and towards the rear we could see a long line of balloons, like distorted sausages, soaring gracefully—yet with apparent clumsiness—into the blue.

I had smoked my first cigarette, my cigarette of Picardy, and I had hated it. It was nearing half-past seven. I vowed to smoke no more. Then, like a flash, came zero hour, and with it a suddenness like that of a flight of swarming bees—the devilish, staccato “rat-tat-tat” of traversing machine-guns. My cigarette was forgotten.

We took all our objectives, and a day or so later an officer wrote home: “The men were cool and collected, and apparently very happy. Several of them were holding little sing-songs; others were shaking hands and wishing their officers good luck. Numbers of them were puffing huge cigars, while shoals of soda-water bottles were found in the Boche dug-outs.”

Yes, just nineteen years ago, when I was twenty-one, I smoked my very first cigarette in Picardy. And on some

Abyssinian battlefield very soon, many young Italians may smoke their cigarettes before going to do slaughter among the dusky warriors of an Emperor. The dusky warriors will smoke as well, maybe; perhaps long cheroots or vile black cigarettes. But we smoked our cigarettes in Picardy, and England cared well for its youth when I was twenty-one.

“San fairy ann,” said the young country-man to the grizzled South African veteran as the whistle shrilled and he puffed his cigarette in Picardy before dying in the long grass.

“San fairy ann.” Gentlemen, you may smoke!

*I learned to smoke in Picardy
When I was very young,
And stabbing light from eastward gloom
Through early dawn was flung;
I smoked with friends in Picardy—
Then drew a sudden breath. . .
Those friends of mine who once were men
Had learned to dance with Death.
I smoked with friends in Picardy;
The dawn grew from a haze,
It moved across the fallow-land
And over front-line bays;
On, on it sped to touch green leaves—
The lingering star had fled—
The sun of noon was hanging high. . .
My hands were bloody red.*

*I smoked again in Picardy,
Blue spirals mocked the dawn;
I drew deep breaths in Picardy
Where first my faith was torn;
I smoked alone in Picardy
And dawn was breaking red;
I vowed a vow in Picardy
Among my thousand dead.*

*My Cigarette of Picardy,
The four winds sped you on
In dust and ashes, God knows where,
Across the Rubicon;
But some day, virgin cigarette,
A breeze will waft me by
And once again I'll meet my friends
Before the noon is high.*

ZED.

PATHFINDERS OF GOD

YOU must not assume too readily that when a crowd of men in a workshop or on a street corner are busy talking that their talk is of horse-racing or such-like ephemerality, or that they are degrading themselves with bawdy stories. It is a recent experience of the writer to join a group of coloured unemployed seamen in the Tiger Bay district of Cardiff, and to find they were discussing God. You need therefore not be surprised that "a bit about the Bible" on top of a freight train did not end there. Quite a number of bits followed either in the "round-house" dining room at lunch-time, or by the track-side while waiting to be picked up when the repair job was done, and the home-going freight train had not arrived.

The following is a recounting of just such an occasion, the words of a plain man to plain men without any bother or technique of phraseology or straining after hypercritical accuracy. We call ourselves Christians. It is surely of importance to understand how important Jesus Christ is, and to remember or learn what He claims to be, which claim can be bluntly put as being God on a visit to this earth. On that hangs the whole validity or truth of the Christian position. A modern theologian would say this is the 'centrality' of Jesus Christ.

In the first century, a man said, "It is a true saying and worthy of acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." A generation before him, someone sang concerning the child Jesus, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for He hath visited and redeemed His people." Jesus Christ, therefore, was God showing Himself through, and in, human flesh. A wonderful man by the name of Tyrell (a Roman Catholic Priest who lost his job for the sake of truth) said: "The best

way to understand a revelation is to see one being made." The Old Testament is a description of the revelation which paved the way for the big revelation—Jesus Christ our Lord.

You fellows know how to break a freight train up, and to sort out the cars according to their loads and destination. Supposing we break up the Old Testament and sort it out. You will find that although it is as varied as a Canadian Pacific freight train, yet it can be divided into several main sections, each of which is just as capable of travelling with the others as coal from Crowsnest, wheat from Manitoba, or canned salmon from the Frazer River.

The first section of the Old Testament is called the Five Books of Moses—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. These Books begin in the dim distance beyond man's definite knowledge; they bring to us definite fact, but in the form of folk-lore, myth and legend, especially in the earlier chapters of the Book Genesis. No one on an American rail-road need be frightened at folk-lore, myth and legend. You have only to look at the Rocky Mountains, or hold converse with an old Indian on a Reservation, to see that this story form of telling things does not mean that the story is a lie. The folk-lore of the Indians is not the creation of fancy; it is the recounting of fact. Myth and legend may be regarded as facts of thought, and facts of action glowing with a glamour of distance brought down to us by way of song and story. As you read through the Book of Genesis you come to a man named Abraham. He is a very definite and actual man, who set out, not perhaps with prairie schooners, but with some such equipment, taking his family and his belongings with

him. He was the pioneer, not of the great West, but of a great people who in modern days are the Jews. They had their ups and downs, and by and by found themselves as a crowd of slaves in the country of Egypt under the Pharaohs. By the way, Pharaoh was not the name of one king, it is a title much like Cæsar, Kaiser, Czar, or Shah. Abraham's people had a rough passage in Egypt. They were a bigger problem to their captors than the descendants of the slaves are in the States. God Almighty had His eye on them. He was training them towards Jesus Christ, therefore, we need not be surprised that a great leader in the person of Moses sprang up, and he, by devious actions and divine aid, convinced the Egyptians that the Israelites (as Abraham's folk were now called) should be let go. They had more than an idea that a piece of land north of Egypt could be had for the taking. Their leaders were inwardly convinced that such was so. Again they set out. This time they had to cross, not the Euphrates, as in the case of Abraham, but the Red Sea. I suggest that you might like to read their wanderings in the Book of Exodus.

After the Israelites had gone out of Egypt and entered into the land which we know best as Palestine, they began to settle down and had to form some sort of a 'united states' in which to live—by apportioning the new land among themselves, by beginning to draw up a constitution of sorts under and through which they were to develop. The story of this census-taking and sharing-out is that of the Book of Numbers.

At the same time they were firmly convinced that they were a peculiar people in that God (whom they called Jehovah) was going to do something big, and that they were His chosen instrument for that purpose (we know that the something big

was Jesus Christ, but they did not). Accordingly, they set up, or rather retained and improved, a system of ceremony and worship with rules and regulations for land ownership, personal cleanliness, moral behaviour, and citizenship generally. The Book of Leviticus gives an account of this.

The last of these five Books is that of Deuteronomy, which is actually a number of speeches made by Moses before he died, reminding the Israelites of their origin, their present responsibilities, and their destiny; charging them to remember that material and solid things were not nearly so important as the mysterious and the spiritual. In other words, that the purpose of life was more than its paraphernalia or trappings, and that goodness was more important than goods, that moral behaviour was the thing that mattered. "See," he says, "I have set before you life and death, good and evil, therefore choose life that you and your children may live." A wonderful hint of the majestic words to be uttered years after by another Israelite, who said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

Just what part Moses had in compiling these Books no one knows. It is perfectly obvious that he could not give an account of his own funeral. The old man died. He is buried somewhere by the Mountain of Moab, and no one knows to this day his grave. These Books are called the Books of Moses because they tell, as it were, the story of God's revelation up to and including the man Moses; how mankind from the mysterious beginnings comes into clear history; and how Abraham is chosen to be the father, and the pioneer pathfinder. How, through wanderings, the Israelites became a pastoral people, then slaves in Egypt; again wandering for forty years in the wilderness,

and then entering into a new phase. From pioneers to pasture people, from thence to Pharaoh's slaves, then they begin to become citizens and the builders of cities.

The word Genesis means *beginning*, the word Exodus means *going out*, the word Numbers means just *organisation*, the word Leviticus may be taken as mean-

ing *belonging to religion and conduct* (think of the conduct of the Levite in the story of the Good Samaritan), and the word Deuteronomy actually means *summing it all up*. Thus roughly can we trace the march of humankind towards the centre Figure of history Whose name we at least bear even if His life we do not live.

JIM W. BURFORD.



MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ From early days it has been a custom in the Family for members to observe ALL SAINTS' DAY, November 1.

✠ An announcement is made elsewhere in this issue regarding THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT on December 11 and 12.

✠ The SOUTHERN INDIA REGIONAL FESTIVAL will be held at Madras on December 7 and 8. The AUSTRALIAN FESTIVAL will be held at Perth, W.A., between May 11 and 18 next year. There will be no Area Festivals in Great Britain until the COMING OF AGE celebrations from June 15 to July 5; overseas members and probationers who intend to be in England for the Festival are asked to notify their local Secretary concerned in time for their names to be recorded on the Festival Roll in London by Christmas.

✠ "The QUARTERLY LIST of Toc H Houses, Branches and Groups" will be published with the November issue of the JOURNAL. In future the list will appear with the April (Annual Report) and November numbers only. The January and July numbers will contain a list of Secretaries and Padres of Areas at home and overseas.

✠ The following have been appointed Hon. Association Padres: The Revs. G. BARCLAY (Cambridge), F. W. BELL (Royston), R. S. DYE (Hitchin), F. D. MORLEY (Halton), F. C. NICHOLLS (West Hartlepool), F. T. A. PARKER (Great Yarmouth).

✠ During recent weeks GEOFF MARTIN has returned from Southern Africa to the Northern and Western London Areas. MICHAEL COLEMAN has gone to Canada and ALEC CHURCHER to New Zealand. SIR WILLIAM CAMPION will be in Western Australia for the next five months.

✠ BRIAN BILLINGS (Manchester) leaves for Australia by the *Moreton Bay* on October 23. He has been appointed Secretary of the New South Wales Area and will take over in December from RONALD WRAITH, who then returns to England with Mrs. Wraith.

✠ The address of Padre DAVID WALLACE (Eastern London Area) is now: 13, Chelmsford Road, Leytonstone, E.11. (Phone: Leytonstone 1983.)

✠ To PAT and Mrs. LEONARD on September 3, the gift of a son and a daughter. *Laus Deo*.

✠ Belated but sincere congratulations to COLIN STEVENSON (West Midlands Area Secretary), who entered the married state on July 18. Also to Padre STANLEY CLAPHAM, who was married at All Hallows on September 18.

✠ Congratulations to CATERHAM (Southern London) and NANTWICH (Manchester) Groups on their promotion to Branch status. Any other Group wishing to submit an application is advised to ensure its receipt by the Guard of the Lamp concerned not later than November 30.

TWENTY-ONE

There was a song (as the less youthful Central Councillors reminded themselves this year), popular in Victorian times, which began "I'm twenty-one to-day; I've got the key of the door—never been twenty-one before." It went on to "Shout hip-hip-hip hooray—we won't go home till morning" and so on. If these last sentiments have their place (though not by any means the most important place) in any Toc H Birthday Festival, the first part of the song is going to be very apposite indeed before long. Our "to-day" will fall in 1936, when the Family of Toc H, in world-wide unison, celebrates its Twenty-first Birthday.

Cradled in a tragic hour and accustomed from the earliest moments to sorrow and danger, the infant movement was guarded and guided by the love of countless friends, nourished by their sacrifice and given the memory of their example for an inheritance. It had in those early years no notion that it *was* a movement. It was content to infect everyone who came near it with its own laughter, hope and faith. Even a Channel crossing and the transplanting to a new home in England did not at first change this mood. But as the post-war years slipped on the young Toc H, already experienced far beyond its years, but with its child's heart unspoiled, began—as growing things will—to become self-conscious. It woke up to the fact that it might have a long career before it, that it was born to be a movement extending into fields as yet unknown and called upon to face tasks of endless variety, and, maybe, of every grade of hardness.

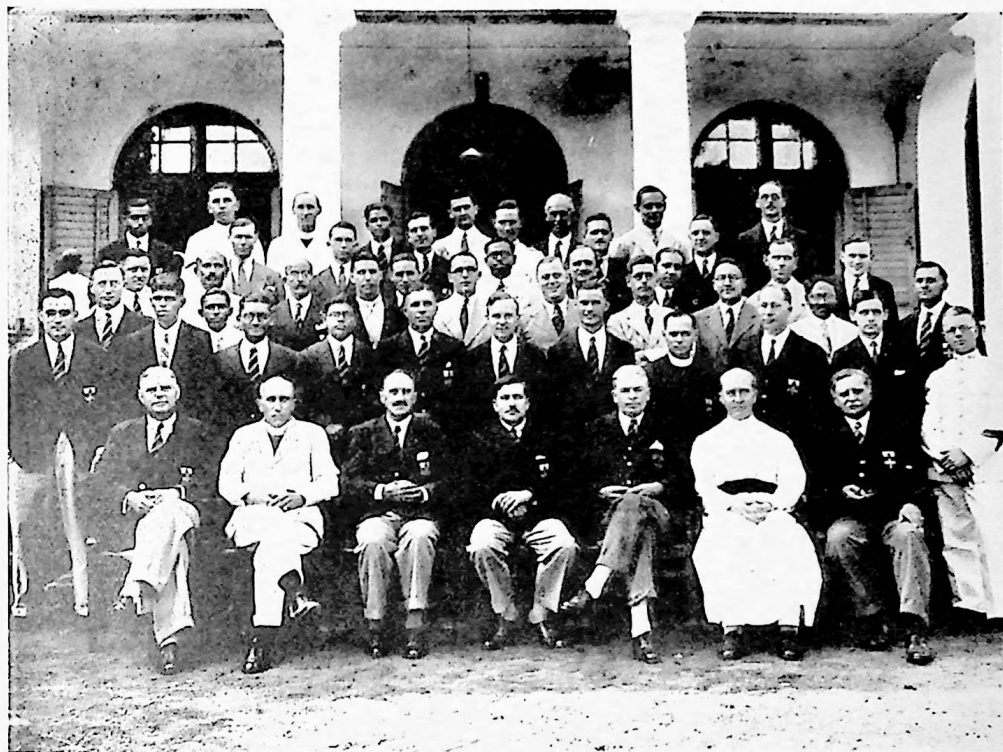
In this puzzling adolescence, these 'growing-pains' of Toc H, all of us who are now its members have been involved. We have not merely watched its surprising increase in size and responsibility and, we hope, wisdom, year by year: we have been ourselves vital parts of that growth—for we *are* Toc H.

The years of childhood must be limited, in mankind and in movements. If they are unduly prolonged you get that pitiful thing, a case of 'arrested development.' Most of us are convinced that Toc H—though it succeeds

like the best men in keeping its heart young, is now grown up and that it must face the tasks of grown men. Common custom and the law of the land set up a definite milestone for the point when a 'minor' steps into manhood—his *twenty-first Birthday*. You can call this a purely arbitrary date, if you like—for many a subaltern of eighteen has led men twice his age into action and many a man of fifty is still quite childish in his behaviour. But there must be a fixed point somewhere, and twenty-one is to be reckoned as good as any. And so Toc H is to take special note of its Twenty-first Birthday.

How shall we take note of it? Every member knows, or should know, that June, 1936, is to be the date of our Twenty-first Birthday Festival, and that it will be the biggest ever. Members from the four corners of the world are preparing to converge on London for the 'main' week of the Festival (June 21—28), and many of them will spend the week before (June 13—20) and the week after (June 29—July 5) in England and on pilgrimage on the Continent. The innumerable details of this three weeks' programme are being steadily worked out by the Festival Committee. Announcements about them all will be made in due course and they need not concern us here. What should already concern every member deeply is the underlying purpose of the Festival.

The words of the old song come back. We shall, no doubt, "shout hip-hip-hooray" at the right moments, but our more serious reflection will be that we have "never been twenty-one before" and shall never be it again. It is the moment of stepping out of our apprenticeship as a movement into manhood's responsibility. We shall have become aware—if the Festival achieves its purpose—that we have "got the key of the door," the door of a wide room, the difficult, adventurous world where our fellowship and service must be prepared to face any kind of test. As wise old commanders used to say of an 'unhealthy' corner in the war, "This is no place for boys." Toc H needs 'whole men' now and onward.



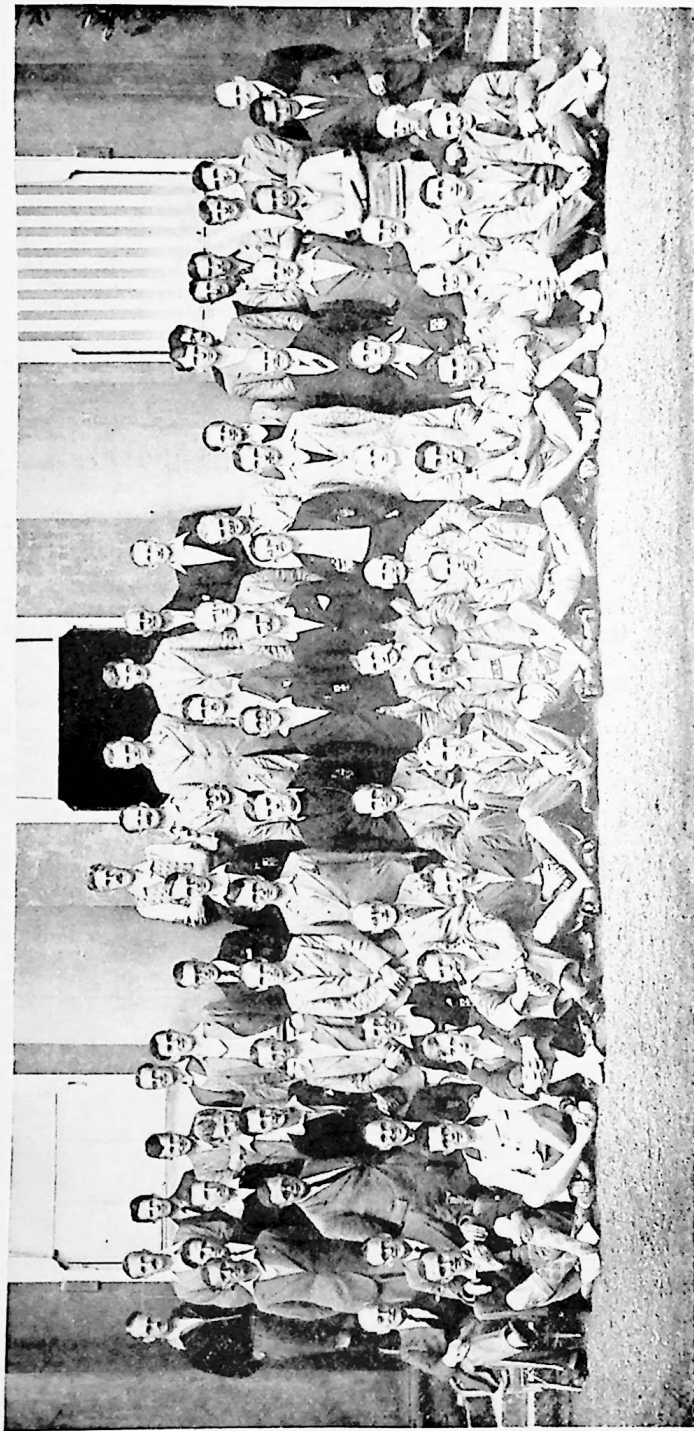
MADRAS BRANCH, SOUTH INDIA.



KOHAT GROUP, NORTH WEST FRONTIER.

THE STAFF CONFERENCE.

PLATE XXVI.



THE ELEVENTH STAFF CONFERENCE, DIGSWELL PARK, AUGUST, 1935.
(For names see opposite page. Photo: Mayo, Wexley).

THE STAFF CONFERENCE OF 1935.

THE Annual Conference of the Toc H Staff took place from Monday, August 26 to Saturday, August 31. It was the eleventh Conference and was held, for the fourth year in succession, at the Digswell Park Conference House, on the outskirts of Welwyn Garden City, Herts. This fine house, built in the last years of the 18th century, with its large secluded grounds, has now grown so familiar to most members of the staff that their arrival there in Summer has the touch of 'coming home.' Our meetings by daylight almost always (we were driven indoors by rain for one or two sessions this year for the first time) take place on the wide lawn in front of the house—either in full circle or in smaller groups, within sight but not earshot of each other, beside the noble trees which bound the garden. And a room, just right in size, shape and furniture, serves for our evening sessions. Tennis courts, an absurdly tricky miniature golf-course, and a cricket field, all at the very doors, provide amply for 'time off', and ardent spirits reduce their fleshy weight with violent sets of 'stikke' (a brother of real tennis, a cousin of fives, and perhaps a godfather of lawn tennis) in a covered court, sometimes into the small hours of the morning. To reach this court you pass the gate of the beautiful little church which plays its essential part in the life of the Conference. So much for the amenities of Digswell. Lest they should leave the reader with the impression that the Staff of Toc H meets once a year only for the purpose of a protracted 'beano,' we will devote a little space to their work.

Those Present

The number of those present (about 70) was almost exactly the same as last year, but the team had changed considerably. Some faces, grown familiar at this annual rally, were greatly missed, and a rather surprising number of new ones were seen at the tea-table on the first afternoon. Those who attended (set down in the order in which they are seen in the photograph on the opposite page) were:—

FRONT ROW: R. H. Staton (*Marks Pilot*); R. E. Simons (*Manchester Area Padre*); F. W. Joyce

(*Assistant Editor, Toc H Journal*); A. F. Watts (*Western London Area Padre*); A. E. F. Hammond (*Southern London Area Secretary*); A. S. Greenacre (*Western Area Secretary*); Barclay Baron (*Editorial Secretary*); G. W. S. Harmer (*Manchester Area Padre, Crewe*); M. E. Coleman (*Mid and West Canada Padre*); G. S. Johnson (*West Yorks Area Secretary*); R. L. Wheatley (*H.Q. Clerk*); A. E. Howard (*North Western Area Padre*); H. Leggate (*Kent and Sussex Areas Padre*).

SECOND ROW: P. A. Slessor (*Asst. Schools Secretary and Sec., Lone Units Committee*); R. I. Weymouth (*Architect*); G. Williams (*Southern London Area Padre*); M. P. G. Leonard (*Chief Overseas Commissioner*); R. R. Calkin (*General Secretary*); H. A. Secretan (*Hon. Administrator*); W. J. Musters (*Registrar*); O. S. Watkins (*Hon. Administrative Padre*); H. F. Sawbridge (*Western Area Padre*); F. W. Baggallay (*Hon. Asst. Administrative Padre*); C. A. Macpherson (*Hon. Pilot, Scotland*); N. Knock (*West Yorks Area Padre*).

THIRD ROW: D. J. Wallace (*Eastern London Area Padre*); F. G. Harrison (*Notts and Derby Divisional Secretary*); J. H. M. Shaw (*Northern Ireland Asst. Area Secretary*); A. K. Bostock (*Northern Area Padre*); J. Mallet (*Eastern Area Secretary*); R. J. Davies (*East Yorks Area Padre*); A. G. Churcher (*New Zealand—ex-London Area*); P. H. Ketnor (*Northern Area Secretary*); R. Sawers (*Scottish Area Secretary*); H. C. Dunnett (*Southern Area Secretary*); J. H. Ogilvie (*Scottish Area Padre*); A. Johnston (*Manchester Area Secretary*); G. R. R. Martin (*Western and Northern London Areas Secretary*); A visitor from South Africa.

FOURTH ROW: A. Gammon (*Marks Pilot*); E. Samuel (*Bursar*); F. O. Urwin (*South Western Area Padre*); I. Fraser (*Scottish Central Area Secretary*); K. G. Bloxham (*South Western Area Padre*); C. Marr (*Eastern Area Padre*); J. G. Turvey (*North Western Area Secretary*); J. W. Maddock (*East Midlands Area Padre*); N. F. W. Mcpherson (*Eastern London Area Secretary*); J. E. E. Tunstall (*Northern London Area Padre*); L. D. Martyn (*Eastern London Area Hon. Pilot*); G. J. Chambers (*Southern Area Padre*); F. E. Ford (*Southern Area Padre*); G. H. T. Blake (*Notts and Derby Divisional Padre*); B. Billings (*New South Wales Area Secretary to be*); E. L. K. Pagden (*Prospective member of staff*).

BACK ROW: J. W. Fox (*South Western Area Hon. Secretary*); E. C. Brown (*Hon. Secretary for the Services*); G. K. Tattersall (*Schools Secretary*); P. Tuckwell (*Hon. Pilot, Cambridge*); J. H. Clark (*Warden, Talbot House Club, Southampton*); J. R. Palmer (*West Midlands Area Padre*); G. Foster (*Shrewsbury Experimental Area Secretary*); R. L. Watson (*London Marks Padre*); C. Stevenson (*West Midlands Area Secretary*); H. Wynne Jones (*H.Q. Pilot*); J. W. Burford (*South Wales Area Secretary*); L. W. Wood (*Surrey and Sussex Area Secretary*); C. G. Freeston (*Kent Area Secretary*); H. Mycroft (*Lakeland Divisional Secretary*).

Barkis, in accordance with custom which has never been explained, took the chair—on the lawn—and his first obvious duty was to call the roll. As members stood up in turn our job was to try to memorise their names, faces and jobs, and 'register' a determination to get to know them a little more during the week—a task far less simple than that of the first Staff Conference, when nineteen men, mostly old friends, met in 1925 at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Purpose of the Conference

The Chairman then reminded the Conference of its purpose. It had no power to decide issues of policy for Toc H, it would pass no resolutions—as some earlier Staff Conferences, overburdened with details of administration, with sittings of sub-committees and the drafting of reports, had attempted to do. It would concentrate its thought—as the experience of the last Conference had shown was fruitful—on a 'Main Theme,' that is on different aspects of a big subject. And this was to be 'Training,' a word and an idea which scarcely concerned Toc H in its early years but had now won an increasing place in the life of its members as a whole. Above all, the Conference was intended as an opportunity, the only one in the year, of the whole staff getting to know one another as a united team, and to this end the sessions, recreation and common worship of the week must all contribute alike.

Bible Study

The first hour of each morning, after breakfast, was devoted to what—for lack of a more precise name—was called 'Bible-study.' This practice was begun two years ago, when, at the request of the Conference, Tubby was our teacher. The members of his 'class' used as their text-book Tom Pym's colloquial translation of St. Mark's Gospel, which has since become widely known to Toc H members and has a steady sale among them. On the first few chapters Tubby gave us a fascinating exposition. Last year the Conference, led by Padre Bob Ford, tackled some chapters of a book about the teaching of Jesus and modern problems. This year we

returned more strictly to the Bible by private reading of Dean Inge's introduction to his anthology, *Everyman's Bible*, and by excellent short talks each morning by JIM DAVIES (East Yorks Area Padre). Subsequent discussion, in five groups, ranged over most subjects in heaven and earth, some lively and fruitful, some a little somnolent.

Three Special Subjects

(a) *Toc H in the Countryside*.—On the first afternoon KENNETH BLOXHAM (South Western Area Padre) initiated a discussion (outside the 'Main Theme' of the Conference) on *Toc H in the Countryside*, a subject on which he had been asked to collect evidence from some of the Areas at home where country units exist. Special difficulties were stressed, such as the lack of easy communications, the splitting of some villages into cliques on religious and social grounds, the migration of young men from the village to seek work in towns, the lack of initiative which leaves the leadership and the jobs to one man or a few men, the 'parochial' view which dislikes co-operation with neighbours, the tendency of well-meaning people from outside to force 'welfare' of all kinds on villages. In the discussion which followed (mainly at the beginning of the next session, as is the practice of the Conference), many interesting examples of villages where Toc H was at work were brought forward by the spokesmen of different Areas. SAWBONES (Western Area Padre) believed that there was no essential difference between starting Toc H in the country and in the town—except that the start should be slower in a village and extremely carefully planned, and the team "hand-picked" from the first, while JIM BURFORD (S. Wales Area Secretary) reminded his hearers that "the countryside is never more than a yard beneath the floor of the city"—they depended upon each other and produced each other's people. There was much evidence to show that, though 'jobs,' in the usual Toc H sense, might be harder to find in the country, the main job of Toc H in a village was often wonderfully achieved—the creation of a team spirit and a new unity throughout the life of the village.

On the whole, it was felt that the co-operation of a number of small village units with a country 'District' organisation, as was now being tried in some Areas, was likely to be a better method than the plan of the 'Countrymen's Branch' (in which scattered 'Wings' form a single unit) which has been the theory, if not always the practice, of Toc H in the country for some years. Finally, REX CALKIN and 'GREENO', speaking from their experience of Australia, where Toc H, on the whole, has greater influence up-country than in the cities, reminded the Conference that, with the possibility of emigration becoming a factor again, the men whom Toc H trained to lead in the country at home might be just the men destined to lead Toc H in newer countries to which they might later go.

(b) *The Older Member in Toc H.*—Jim Burford opened with a talk on this subject, followed by considerable discussion which reached few, if any, definite conclusions. The one thing on which the Conference agreed unanimously was that the present position in which older members (and some not at all old) tend to gravitate into the General Branch or 'down the sink' into the 'Residuary General Branch' was very unsatisfactory. There was at present no adequate means of keeping General Members in contact with Toc H activity, or even of distinguishing between those who, for excellent reasons, wished to serve Toc H through General membership and those 'badge-sporting' members of it who gave no service at all. The claims of the isolated member, the 'family man' and the 'old boy of the school,' proud still to belong to Toc H, but unable through circumstances to take his place in the active team-work of a unit, were sympathetically considered. It was recognised that some men, without wanting to sever their connection with Toc H, would—and should—use their training in it for "missionary enterprise" in other fields. And it was urged that much greater use might be made of the older men and the General member in the work of Area and District teams, in 'pilotage' and so on. Various proposals, some of them drastic, were put for-

ward, but the whole question, which has long been recognised in Toc H as specially difficult, still requires much consideration. Meanwhile, it is not being merely passed over.

(c) *Overseas.*—A lively and inspiring session was devoted to Toc H overseas, and it was clearly recognised that the time allotted was brief out of all proportion to the importance of the subject. PAT LEONARD, as Chief Overseas Commissioner, gave a general review, with the Toc H Map of the World set up on a blackboard-easel on the lawn beside him. With this school-masterly equipment he produced a fascinating array of facts and figures to illustrate the distances to be covered by Toc H staff and members in different parts of the world; it was a lesson on size and isolation, the chief problem stressed in the letters which reached the Overseas Office. During the year that office had made 300 new contacts all round the world, and had welcomed with "the fellowship of sight and hand" 317 visitors to 42, Trinity Square.

At no previous Conference have so many members of the staff been present who had either had recent experience of work overseas or who were about to go out to such experience. Not all of these could be asked to address the Conference, but two very welcome recent arrivals were called upon—GEOFF. MARTIN (now again on the London Area Staff), just back from Southern Africa, and ALEC GAMMON (about to start work as Marks Pilot), home after a good many years in Ceylon. Both talks were full of vivid and picturesque touches, an honest facing of difficulties and shortcomings, much reasoned optimism and a delicious sense of humour. PAUL SLESSOR (Secretary of the Lone Units Committee) ended the session with an indication of the peculiar difficulties of units and members in the most isolated outposts of Toc H, and of the spirit in which they were maintaining their place in the Family.

The 'Main Theme'—Training

It is not possible here to give an adequate report of the talks on the 'Main Theme' and the wide discussions which they provoked. The barest outline must suffice, but some

parts appear in full in other pages of this JOURNAL, and it is hoped to carry the subject further in later issues. The plan adopted was that one or more members, 'warned for duty' months beforehand, was to give a talk on a part of the subject of "Training" each evening, and should suggest questions connected with it which all members of the Conference, divided into five groups, each under a leader, should spend an hour and three quarters next morning in discussing. The division of the subject was as follows:—1. *The Nature of Training*—a general introduction by HUBERT SECRETAN; 2. *Making men through Service*—ALEC CHURCHER; 3. *Making men through Fellowship*—G. K. TATTERSALL; 4. *Making men through Study*—BOBS FORD; 5. *Making men through Leadership and Responsibility*—HOWARD DUNNETT and DAVID WALLACE; 6. 'Summing up' by HUBERT SECRETAN.

This scheme, as may be guessed, opened the door to the discussion of every conceivable aspect of Toc H life, and time was far too short to allow members of discussion groups to 'explore every avenue' along which they found themselves going: they could but glance down many fascinating vistas before the whistle blew which called them together from all corners of the lawn for mid-day prayers. But the talks, in their several ways, were all challenging, and the

discussions struck many sparks of wisdom and sense, as well as fantasy and humour: the exercise of many minds together brought men close to each other as the Conference was chiefly designed to do. There was practical value, as well as a good deal of fun, to be got out of such a question, for instance, as "When discussing Fellowship, it is essential to ask what can be done about (a) the bore, (b) the man you don't like, (c) the solitary—the man who apparently doesn't want fellowship, (d) the effusive man who is determined to give fellowship." Most units in Toc H know all four types and have to deal with the separate problems they present on meeting nights: how do they tackle them? Many of the questions were much more involved and 'philosophical' than this, and it cannot be pretended that the debaters were not sometimes lost. But as someone said, "There's no adventure where there's no chance of getting lost." And the Staff Conference of 1935 was a small adventure in thinking—long and difficult enough for those (which is most of us) who find thinking hard, unaccustomed exercise, and far too short to produce neat and definite conclusions about the whole duty of Toc H. Let us be most thankful that those will never be produced—for on that day the adventure of Toc H would be ended, and the movement would come to rest, stone-dead. B.B.

As others see us

"Mr. S. B., of S—, was the speaker, and he gave an interesting talk on the private lives of some of the chief members of Toc H at Headquarters."—Report of a Toc H meeting in the—*Advertiser*, 20.9.35.



SHOULD TOC H BE IN REVOLT?

A rejoinder to Ronnie Wraith's paper, circulated in connection with the Australian Birthday Festival, which appeared in the July JOURNAL.

THE article in the July number "Toc H in Revolt," emanated from Australia, but, as it was given special prominence, the Editor presumably thought that the conditions over here were sufficiently similar to make it quite useful to us, and hence those of us who find it to lack a grip of things as they really are and to have a pernicious tendency to mislead us into dissipating our energies up blind alleys and over trivialities, may say so freely and without apology for our different surroundings.

In the first place, why "Revolt"? You can only revolt against a power when you lie under its dominion. None of the abuses attacked by the author can be so described, and anyhow, as Chesterton remarks, revolt is nearly always revolting! What the author really means is that we are at war with certain tendencies and abuses, which is a very different thing. Now in warfare it is always important to appreciate your enemy justly, to know where he is strong and where he is weak, and whence his attacks are likely to come. It is because the article in question seems to err greatly in these matters that this reply is taken in hand.

To take the points in order:—

(I) Speed

Here we have the following sentence: "I have even wondered whether it is *necessary* for people to have their letters delivered in London seven days after posting them in Sydney." Here we have another misuse of words. Things cannot be *necessary* in the abstract; they must be necessary to something, to salvation, to social well-being, or even to digestion! What the author really means is that he

doubts whether it is *desirable* that letters should travel so quickly. To which I would reply that, if it is necessary to social well-being that letters should travel between England and Australia, then it is eminently desirable that they should do so in seven days rather than in four months, for the main factor on which our civilisation depends is ease and rapidity of communication, and the quickening from four months to seven days has been accomplished mainly by small increments such as the author sneers at in the case of the motor journey between Sydney and Melbourne. He also complains of the modern speed boat, but after all it is less of a blot on the seascape of Sydney Harbour than was its predecessor of eighty years ago, which must have been about the time that the first steam launch polluted its waters.

Speed in itself is no evil, nor is the joy it gives an ignoble one. It is hurry that is of the Devil, and you can hurry without any mechanical aids at all. But that is a personal matter that we must each of us fight out for ourselves. We do not need to invoke a world-wide organisation and the Four Points of our Compass to deal with that.

(II) Comfort

Ever since the first Palæolithic woman dragged her Palæolithic man away from his couch of wet leaves into a cave because "it was more comfortable," mankind has been steadily acquiring more comforts all down the ages, and to-day the poorest workman has more comforts in his home than had the Plantagenet kings in theirs. This is nothing new. The author implies that there was a time

when men would go without a new bed or a better chair in order to buy a book or a picture. I don't believe it, and challenge him to produce some evidence of where and when this happened. Anyhow there are plenty of pictures on the walls of modern homes, and plenty of books in the book-shelves. They may not be the sort of which the author approves, but they give their owners some æsthetic and intellectual pleasure, or they would not be there, and who is he to constitute himself a censor of art and literature? Meanwhile, selfish spending of one's money is nothing new. It went on in the Bronze Age without a doubt, and the Christian Church has always protested against it. We still have to fight it, but do not let us be misled into thinking that we are up against something quite new and formidable.

(III) Entertainment

The cinema and broadcasting certainly present new problems and new temptations to waste time and money, but I cannot see that it is as bad to go to a cinema at 9 a.m. as to lie in bed at that hour because we have been dancing or gaming at 3 a.m., as did a former generation. We, like all our ancestors, have to learn to use, and not to abuse, our pleasures, and one great advantage of all these pleasures and comforts is that they furnish constant opportunities for self-denial and self-discipline, which were denied to our less richly endowed forbears.

The statement that "in modern recreation the merely passive role is becoming predominant" is simply not true; there are far more musical societies, amateur dramatic societies, study circles, etc., than there used to be.

(IV) Ugliness

Do not let us march proudly into a battle that is already won, lest we claim

to share in a victory that we did nothing to gain. Compare the factories along the Great West Road with the mansions that were built sixty years ago, note the rapid diminution of advertisement hoardings in the country, and the great increase of societies to preserve the countryside, maintain ancient buildings, etc., and you will realize that, though there are still vast arrears of nineteenth century ugliness to be cleared away, we may safely leave that job to people who were on it before Toc H was born.

(V) Money

At all times there has been the temptation to honour worldly success before spiritual worth, whether that worldly success took the form of being a robber baron in the Middle Ages, a robber squire in the Eighteenth Century, or a robber financier in modern times. That is nothing new. What is new, is that we have in modern times coined a word to show our contempt for the man who makes too much money. We call him a profiteer. In the face of that new word it is absurd to say that the worship of Mammon is on the increase.

(VI) Religion

Here we have the sentence "Toc H demands the giving-up of self, the subordinating of all lesser loyalties to the greater cause of Christ's Will." This is the kind of sentence that makes Toc H ridiculous in the sight of other Christians, and puts people off the movement altogether. It is Christ in His Church Who demands, and always has demanded this, and to pretend that Toc H has any particular or original share in the matter is a piece of wrong-headedness that needs stamping on. There is a definite tendency to substitute Toc H for Christianity, and even for Christ, in both written and spoken word, a tendency against which Headquarters should be on its guard.

Our only justification for adding one to the many organizations that hang on to the Church, is that we feel that she is neglecting some aspect of Christian life, and that we can best recall her to it by an organization. But let us beware of mistaking ourselves for the parent body.

Present Day Dangers

We submit then that the foes that we are called on to fight in the article "Toc H in Revolt" are either already half beaten, or just the old, old enemies that all Christ's followers have always had to fight: they are not the things over which a body of men pledged to our tremendous Fourth Point ought to spend their time.

When then, are our present-day dangers? Here are a few of them:

What about our machinery for keeping peace among the nations? Is it satisfactory that we should be committed to a League of Nations that by its constitution cannot as a body invoke the aid of the Prince of Peace? Can we safely avail ourselves of the support of the avowed enemies of Christ in our war against war? Perhaps it is quite all right, but the matter is of importance. The absurdities of "Big Business" are trivial by comparison.

What about the increased facilities for divorce, with concomitant decay of home life and evasion of parental responsibility? And behind and underlying it, the abandonment of purity as an ideal by multitudes of our women? Prostitution has lessened as a profession, not because men are better, but because women are worse. Are these things no concern of ours,

because we are a men's movement? If we are true to the Fourth Point, we cannot neglect them, and they matter. Whether or no we have a wireless set in our car matters not at all.

And, under the head of entertainment, what about the modern demand that Sunday should be a day of unrestricted pleasure seeking? With the shorter hours of work in the modern world, we can surely get entertainment enough during the week. Can we make no stand to keep Sunday holy? Are we to acquiesce in the modern doctrine that, as long as a man gets one day's holiday a week, it does not matter which day it is? This matters more than a correct taste in pictures.

And, finally, what about those foul chemists' shops which increasingly defile the streets of London? They matter much more than a few advertisement hoardings in the country.

It will take all our strength to tackle any one of these questions, and we shall become wondrously unpopular if we do.

On the other hand, we can join the bleating throng that "deplores the subversive influence of the cinema," "protests energetically against the desecration of the countryside," "calls on the Churches to denounce the private manufacture of armaments," and, like Old Man Kangaroo, who also came from Australia, we shall be popular and wonderfully run after by five in the afternoon, and it will take a very large Dog Dingo to chase us into any semblance of life or energy.

B. S. BROWNE.

The New Edition of "Toc H under Weigh"

Peter Monie's *Toc H under Weigh*, first published as a series of articles in the JOURNAL in 1926, is an acknowledged 'classic' among us and in continual demand. First published in book form in 1927, it was reprinted in 1928, 1930, 1932 and 1934. A new edition, the sixth, is now issued. The book, which has been re-set in better and more readable type, is bound in blue limp linen, and costs 1s.

WHERE THE ARTIST COMES IN

WHERE does the artist come in? Not that he's outside at all. He's in already. Every one of us is an artist, whether we use paint brushes or not—most of us so-called ordinary folk who use brushes only for shaving or sweeping. 'Ordinary folk'—so-called.

An artist is not only an individual who uses a brush or a chisel or a piano or a pen, but an individual who uses his individuality.

He may, of course, use his individuality to paint a picture—and if you got all the artists in the world to paint, say, a certain landscape, every one of them would paint it differently. Each would find something different in the scene and emphasise that something in his or her painting. The Japanese interpretation would differ from the German, the peasant's would differ from the professional painter's, all would differ, more or less. Ordinary people—so-called—yet each would prove himself an out-of-the-ordinary person by his discovery and emphasis of something different in the landscape.

No: one would be able to copy the scene in all its natural truth and detail—distortion would occur in each interpretation to some degree. In all, the three-dimensional landscape would be distorted and interpreted on paper or canvas in two dimensions, length and breadth.

What is beauty?

But where does Beauty come in? The landscape is beautiful. No man has the right to say that anything in Nature is not beautiful—Man and woman; Day and night; Sunshine and rain; Light and shade; Song and dance; Bacon and eggs; Soup, fish, entrée, joint . . . You would not fully appreciate the sun without the rain, nor the bacon without the eggs.

The element of contrast is always present

in a thing of beauty. In things seen there is contrast of line, contrast of mass, colour, texture . . . Unity, though, comes first.

Beauty, then, lies in things, words, sounds, lives, having a setting-together of contrasts into a unified whole.

What is loveliness?

Every work of Nature is beautiful, as a thing, from a cockroach to a cherry tree, from a pig to a volcano. Not every work of Nature is lovely. Every work of Art is beautiful, as a thing, from the Toc H Lamp to *Twelfth Night*, from "Barbara Allen" to Epstein's "Behold the Man!" Not every work of Art is lovely. Loveliness and Beauty must be distinct from one another: though beautiful things are often lovely too.

Loveliness is that quality which inspires Love in you personally or me personally. Daffodils are lovely as well as beautiful to me. So are frogs and pigs. Snakes, though, are not always lovely.

Every thing of Beauty is a potential source of Loveliness and Love.

To return to the people painting the landscape. Each interprets according to his individuality. Each creates a composition of some sort or other—those compositions in which the contrasts combine to form a unity are works of Art, those in disorder or with little originality or discovery or feeling or spontaneity are works of less Art.

Art is that energy which urges men, women—and especially children—to create things and lives of new and original beauty.

Especially children: "Unless you become like little children, you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Where does Toc H come in?

But where does Toc H come in? Every 'ordinary member' has his individuality.

Every member is working in a different way from—in contrast with—every other member for the formation of a unified whole—the unit, the movement, the Kingdom. Love, working through every artist, finds new loveliness in things and emphasises it in his creations. Love working through every member, finds

something of good in everyone he meets and encourages it.

And so—

Love is the fruit of the Loveliness which it creates.

Its power is infinite.

The world is overcome by Love.

BRIAN PEACE.

FIVE IN ONE

We make no apology for 'lifting' the following melancholy story from the Quarterly Bulletin of Sao PAULO Branch of Toc H, Brazil.

OUR insurance expert has supplied us with the following amusing letter addressed to the claims division of an insurance company in Ottawa, Ontario, and signed by a Mr. "Can-i-take-it":—

"Gentlemen: The soullessness of corporations such as yours is astounding. Let me review my case. I carry an accident policy in your company by the terms of which you agreed to pay me \$25.00 a week during such time as I was prevented from working because of an accident.

"A week ago, I went around on Sunday morning to inspect a new house that is being built for me. I climbed the stairs, or rather the ladder located where the stairs will be when the house is finished, and on the top floor I found a pile of bricks which were not needed there. Feeling industrious, I decided to remove the bricks. In the elevator shaft was a rope and pulley and on one end of the rope was a barrel. I pulled the barrel up to the top floor and, after walking down the ladder, fastened the rope firmly at the bottom of the shaft. Then I climbed up the ladder again and filled the barrel with bricks. Down the ladder I went again, five storeys mind you, and untied the rope to let the barrel down. The barrel was heavier than I was, and before I had time to study the proposition, I was going up the shaft with my speed increasing every minute. I thought of letting go of the rope, but before I had decided to do so I was so high up that it seemed more dangerous to let go than to hang on. So I held on.

"Half way up the elevator shaft I met the barrel of bricks coming down. The encounter

was brief but spirited. I got the worst of it and continued on my way towards the roof. That is, most of me went on, but my epidermis clung to the barrel and returned to earth. Then I struck the roof at the same time as the barrel struck the cellar. The shock knocked the breath out of me, and the bottom out of the barrel.

"Then I was heavier than the empty barrel, and I started down the shaft while the barrel started up. We met in the middle of the journey, and again the barrel uppercut me, pounded my solar plexus, barked my shins, bruised my body and skinned my face. When we became disentangled, I resumed my journey downward and the barrel went higher. Soon I was at the bottom and stopped so suddenly that I lost my remarkable presence of mind and let go of the rope. This released the barrel which had reached the top of the shaft, and it fell five storeys and landed squarely on top of me, and it landed hard, too.

"Consider the heartlessness of your company. I sustained five accidents within two minutes. One on my journey up the shaft when I met the barrel of bricks. The second when I struck the roof. The third when I met the empty barrel. The fourth when I struck the bottom. The fifth when the barrel struck me.

"Your agent states that it was only one accident, not five, and instead of receiving a payment at the rate of five times \$25.00, I am only entitled to one accident at the rate of one alone. I therefore request you to cancel my policy as I have made up my mind that I will not be skinned, either by a barrel or an insurance company."

WHERE THE ARTIST COMES IN

WHERE does the artist come in? Not that he's outside at all. He's in already. Every one of us is an artist, whether we use paint brushes or not—most of us so-called ordinary folk who use brushes only for shaving or sweeping. 'Ordinary folk'—so-called.

An artist is not only an individual who uses a brush or a chisel or a piano or a pen, but an individual who uses his individuality.

He may, of course, use his individuality to paint a picture—and if you got all the artists in the world to paint, say, a certain landscape, every one of them would paint it differently. Each would find something different in the scene and emphasise that something in his or her painting. The Japanese interpretation would differ from the German, the peasant's would differ from the professional painter's, all would differ, more or less. Ordinary people—so-called—yet each would prove himself an out-of-the-ordinary person by his discovery and emphasis of something different in the landscape.

Not one would be able to copy the scene in all its natural truth and detail—distortion would occur in each interpretation to some degree. In all, the three-dimensional landscape would be distorted and interpreted on paper or canvas in two dimensions, length and breadth.

What is beauty?

But where does Beauty come in? The landscape is beautiful. No man has the right to say that anything in Nature is not beautiful—Man and woman; Day and night; Sunshine and rain; Light and shade; Song and dance; Bacon and eggs; Soup, fish, entrée, joint . . . You would not fully appreciate the sun without the rain, nor the bacon without the eggs.

The element of contrast is always present

in a thing of beauty. In things seen there is contrast of line, contrast of mass, colour, texture . . . Unity, though, comes first.

Beauty, then, lies in things, words, sounds, lives, having a setting-together of contrasts into a unified whole.

What is loveliness?

Every work of Nature is beautiful, as a thing, from a cockroach to a cherry tree, from a pig to a volcano. Not every work of Nature is lovely. Every work of Art is beautiful, as a thing, from the Toc H Lamp to *Twelfth Night*, from "Barbara Allen" to Epstein's "Behold the Man!" Not every work of Art is lovely. Loveliness and Beauty must be distinct from one another: though beautiful things are often lovely too.

Loveliness is that quality which inspires Love in you personally or me personally. Daffodils are lovely as well as beautiful to me. So are frogs and pigs. Snakes, though, are not always lovely.

Every thing of Beauty is a potential source of Loveliness and Love.

To return to the people painting the landscape. Each interprets according to his individuality. Each creates a composition of some sort or other—those compositions in which the contrasts combine to form a unity are works of Art, those in disorder or with little originality or discovery or feeling or spontaneity are works of less Art.

Art is that energy which urges men, women—and especially children—to create things and lives of new and original beauty.

Especially children: "Unless you become like little children, you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Where does Toc H come in?

But where does Toc H come in? Every 'ordinary member' has his individuality.

Every member is working in a different way from—in contrast with—every other member for the formation of a unified whole—the unit, the movement, the Kingdom. Love, working through every artist, finds new loveliness in things and emphasises it in his creations. Love working through every member, finds

something of good in everyone he meets and encourages it.

And so—

Love is the fruit of the Loveliness which it creates.

Its power is infinite.

The world is overcome by Love.

BRIAN PEACE.

FIVE IN ONE

We make no apology for 'lifting' the following melancholy story from the Quarterly Bulletin of SAO PAULO Branch of Toc H, Brazil.

OUR insurance expert has supplied us with the following amusing letter addressed to the claims division of an insurance company in Ottawa, Ontario, and signed by a Mr. "Can-i-take-it":—

"Gentlemen: The soullessness of corporations such as yours is astounding. Let me review my case. I carry an accident policy in your company by the terms of which you agreed to pay me \$25.00 a week during such time as I was prevented from working because of an accident.

"A week ago, I went around on Sunday morning to inspect a new house that is being built for me. I climbed the stairs, or rather the ladder located where the stairs will be when the house is finished, and on the top floor I found a pile of bricks which were not needed there. Feeling industrious, I decided to remove the bricks. In the elevator shaft was a rope and pulley and on one end of the rope was a barrel. I pulled the barrel up to the top floor and, after walking down the ladder, fastened the rope firmly at the bottom of the shaft. Then I climbed up the ladder again and filled the barrel with bricks. Down the ladder I went again, five storeys mind you, and untied the rope to let the barrel down. The barrel was heavier than I was, and before I had time to study the proposition, I was going up the shaft with my speed increasing every minute. I thought of letting go of the rope, but before I had decided to do so I was so high up that it seemed more dangerous to let go than to hang on. So I held on.

"Half way up the elevator shaft I met the barrel of bricks coming down. The encounter

was brief but spirited. I got the worst of it and continued on my way towards the roof. That is, most of me went on, but my epidermis clung to the barrel and returned to earth. Then I struck the roof at the same time as the barrel struck the cellar. The shock knocked the breath out of me, and the bottom out of the barrel.

"Then I was heavier than the empty barrel, and I started down the shaft while the barrel started up. We met in the middle of the journey, and again the barrel uppercut me, pounded my solar plexus, barked my shins, bruised my body and skinned my face. When we became disentangled, I resumed my journey downward and the barrel went higher. Soon I was at the bottom and stopped so suddenly that I lost my remarkable presence of mind and let go of the rope. This released the barrel which had reached the top of the shaft, and it fell five storeys and landed squarely on top of me, and it landed hard, too.

"Consider the heartlessness of your company. I sustained five accidents within two minutes. One on my journey up the shaft when I met the barrel of bricks. The second when I struck the roof. The third when I met the empty barrel. The fourth when I struck the bottom. The fifth when the barrel struck me.

"Your agent states that it was only one accident, not five, and instead of receiving a payment at the rate of five times \$25.00, I am only entitled to one accident at the rate of one alone. I therefore request you to cancel my policy as I have made up my mind that I will not be skinned, either by a barrel or an insurance company."

BROADCASTING DISCUSSION GROUPS

"BROADCASTING should be a stimulus to public discussion and not a substitution for it." These words are taken from the recent B.B.C. pamphlet on *Group Listening and Discussion*. This article is an attempt to summarise the main efforts of the B.B.C. to encourage debate and inquiry among listeners to wireless talks. The radio transmission of thought and ideas, which is a wonderful and progressive characteristic of our own age has, like most fruits of genius, the latent power to produce evil as well as good, and the evil in this case is the tendency of broadcasting to standardise public opinion. Among the many conflicts at War in the world to-day, the major forces are two: the force of mass-production, whether in machinery or politics, which would have mankind obedient to similar tastes, similar food or similar hardware, similar unquestioning thought and action; and the force of freedom which manœuvres behind the many flags of revolt. "Where then does broadcasting stand? As used by the rulers of totalitarian states it is a powerful instrument of standardisation. In other lands it may be one of the greatest forces making for freedom of opinion and for a reasonable citizenship."

Culture and Specialisation

The discussion group is one means offered by the B.B.C. to put wireless into a right relationship with citizenship. Our age is one of specialisation; the growth of knowledge has destroyed the comprehension of general learning which formed the background of culture for the educated citizen of the immediate past. This comprehensiveness did not in the past, nor does it now, mean any great depth of knowledge to make culture a

valuable hall-mark of society, because culture is not the outcome of a knowledge of everything or an expertness in one thing, but rather the critical awareness of most things, a width of interest, the longing to appreciate; the desire to approach and the frank recognition to oneself that although one cannot know all about everything, yet one can have a simple, truthful and useful smattering on matters of importance which concern the make-up of daily life. Such things are social, economic, political and the arts. It is possible to-day for a brilliant biologist, steeped in the valuable knowledge of his science, to be a boor in the cultural sense of the word; without taste or feeling or judgment beyond his own sphere. Opposed to him is the person who gets the most from life and gives the most in return, the person who, while he knows much about one subject has the way open to him to find accurate knowledge in others. He knows where to look for things, and when he finds them, knows how to study them. It is only in this way that anyone can form opinions that are worth while.

Knowledge and Life

"Knowledge"—to quote the B.B.C. booklet again—"is good for its own sake. But the knowledge in which the ordinary man is interested is the kind of knowledge that will serve the ends of living. . . . He wants to hear the experts; but he needs to bring much of what they tell him to a practical test. Does it fit in with what he knows of life? Does it explain things? Does it connect up the different bits of his own experience in a way that satisfies him? The Greeks had a legend of a hero who, when he lost vitality, could get it back by touching his mother earth. Whenever in the history of the world

knowledge and culture have grown remote from the common experience of ordinary people, they have begun to wither at the roots. Broadcasting can do much to bring back the unity of knowledge, in the sense that the main outlines of human thought at least can be made available to every thinking man and woman."

It is obvious that some restoration of unity in the knowledge which is so disintegrate and fragmentary among people is essential if some sense of freedom, both in thought and action, is to be allowed to live on in the present age.

No Highbrowism

How is this possible? The B.B.C. have been striving since 1929 to beat out a way for this freedom. For six years it has, through the Adult Education Movement, tried to promote group discussions on vital matters which from time to time are outlined by experts over the wireless.

The present article, however, is not an attempt at uplift or highbrowism, nor does it wish to force these things to the notice of Toc H. There is a feeling among many that there is a conspiracy on foot throughout the movement to improve the membership, but there is nothing of the kind. No one likes to be improved. But where Toc H pledges itself to think; to be a force in revolt against the evils of blind mass opinion and all forms of standardisation; to bring the expert to the group and to listen humbly to everyman's story, is it not logical to suggest a practical way to that end? We either mean some of the phrases which we use or we don't. The B.B.C. by its method of expert talks on any great matter given from all points of view which can be discussed in groups of listeners, puts, especially before Units of Toc H, a definite opportunity to discover, criticise and share knowledge.

During the coming winter, starting in

October and continuing until next June, upon three evenings a week talks will be given for the purpose of these discussion groups. In order to keep in touch with what the listener needs the country has been divided up into seven areas each with a Council and an Education officer acting as its secretary. The effectiveness of this scheme will depend a great deal upon how far these education officers are in touch with the listening groups to which they are ready to give advice and help. They are at the public service.

Practical Hints

The following are some of the means suggested by the B.B.C. as thoughts for running a listening group. They are paraphrased and curtailed here.

1. When you want to start a group try to arrange for a public meeting to call attention to the idea and get the most prominent person you can in the town or county or village to speak. . . . Whether you can or cannot have a public meeting, advertise as widely as you can and do not be discouraged if only eight or ten listeners turn up.
2. The more informal the arrangements the better . . . try to make the atmosphere as little like that of a meeting and as much like that of a friendly club as possible.
3. Get the best set you can. The B.B.C. engineers will help you if you ask the education officer to put you in touch with them.
4. So far as finances and other resources permit, see that everybody sits in a comfortable seat and is warm. Try to get them to come in time and in case some members are liable to be late, leave room near the door for late-comers. [Have the B.B.C. been to a Toc H meeting? the evidence looks suspicious.]

5. Encourage listeners to know the programme outline. The more people who have done so, or can be induced to do some reading on the subject, the better. The education officer will tell you whether there are cheap, or even free, pamphlets and papers of interest if you ask him.
6. Often the talks may deal with a subject on which no-one in the group is an expert, though all are interested. In such cases it will help if you can get somebody with first-hand knowledge to come and answer questions.
7. To keep up interest it may be useful to give various members responsibility for certain duties, *e.g.*, to appoint a chairman and treasurer (if necessary), and a secretary to write to the B.B.C. and to speakers.
8. Try and appoint suitable leaders. Their job is not to continue the lectures, but to draw others out and to get a good discussion. They need not be experts, but people willing to do some preparation by reading and studying beforehand for the benefit of the rest.
9. Stimulate discussion. There are various ways. This may be done either by individual listeners who have been detailed to represent conflicting points of view or by the division of the group into two or more sections which draw up conclusions separately and then discuss them together.
10. Try to follow up the subject more deeply because the talks are short and are only designed to give outlines explicit enough to promote interest. What is spoken over the air is naturally not the last word on the subject.

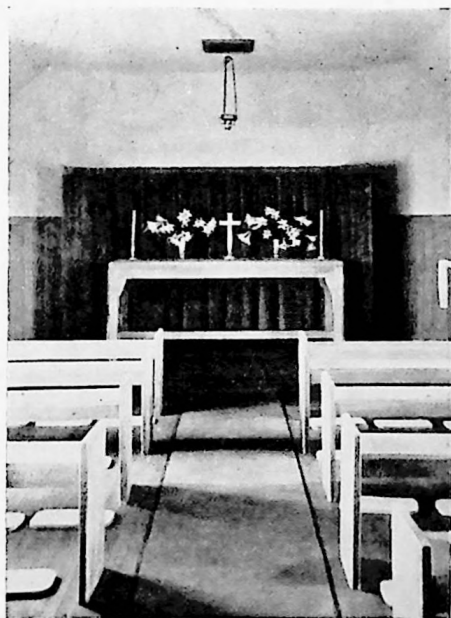
Fuller details can be read in the excellent pamphlet itself, which is called *Wireless Discussion Groups*, and which can be had from the B.B.C. We do not think it a waste of space to recommend the idea of these groups to units of Toc H, for many of them are continually on the watch for fresh avenues of service, and here is a valuable one, valuable not only to themselves but to the community around them. Many people would, no doubt, welcome a listeners' group in their midst, but would not of themselves promote such a thing and get it working. But this is what a unit of Toc H could well do.

TALBOT HOUSE CLUB

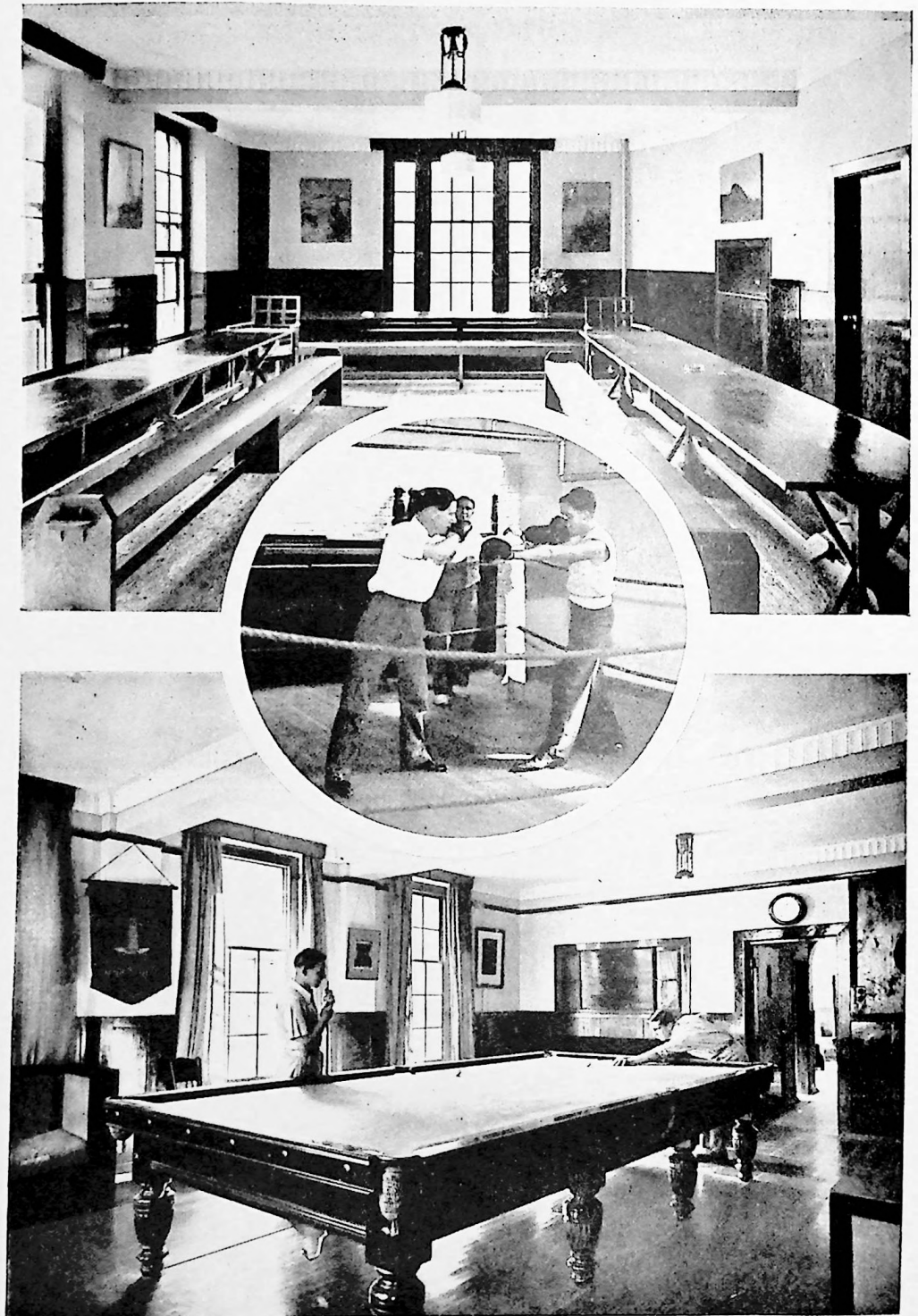
Talbot House Seafaring Boys' Club in Southampton may be no more than a name to the great majority of our members. To those who have experienced its cheerful hospitality, as residents or as visitors, it is something most vital. In 1924 Lionel Meade, then Padre at Mark V, Southampton, saw the urgent necessity to help the seafaring boys coming into the port. Seamen were well provided for by institutes of various kinds, but boys have different needs from men and these were not being met. He therefore took a shabby old public house at the corner of a dockside

street and began a Toc H venture of fellowship and service which has since attained much larger proportions. An appeal was made to the public and the great shipping companies, and early in 1932 a fine new Club, built for the purpose, was opened. No one who has seen it full of boys doubts its value or the necessity for it.

The present Warden is Jack Clark, for many years Warden of Mark VII in London. It was, therefore, natural enough that 'Brownie' (Dr. Leonard Browne, who played a large part in the life of the Old House at



ABOVE : The front of the Club on Brunswick Square.
(Photo: A. Chandler, Southampton).
BELOW : The Chapel.



ABOVE: The Dining Room. BELOW: The Billiard Room.

CENTRE: A corner of the Gymnasium.

(Photos: A. Chandler, Southampton).

Poperinghe during the war and has long been Chairman of Mark VII Branch) should broadcast an appeal, on the National wavelength, for the Club on Sunday, September 1. The response of the public has been very good: at the time of going to press it stands in the region of £1,040. Thousands of our members no doubt listened to 'Brown' that night, but for the benefit of all we are glad, by the courtesy of the B.B.C., to be able to print here what he said.

The Broadcast Appeal

LEONARD BROWNE said: "This is an appeal to a seafaring people. Every listener depends upon the sea in a variety of ways.

A very cheerful crowd seeks your help tonight. These boys are serving on all sorts of ships from transatlantic liners and pleasure-cruising ships to coasting vessels. Deck boys, ordinary seamen, boys from the stewards department and those convenient youngsters called Bell Boys. They are all very hard up.

When a ship comes into port for more than a few hours the crew is paid off. The shipping companies take no responsibility for these boys between voyages. And there's the problem. Their age is from fourteen to twenty: their homes are in all parts of the British Isles: their pay is small. Many of them cannot afford to go home. Many, unfortunately, have never had a home. Where are they to live? The answer to that question matters a great deal. The sailors' homes cater for grown men. The cheaper lodging houses are usually unsuitable for a lonely and inexperienced boy.

The Club was opened in 1924 as a homely and friendly place where the boys can live at small cost. A warden, popularly called skipper, plays the part of Universal Friend. A chapel, a library, a gymnasium, airy dormitories and mess room provide for the various needs of the boys, who share in the work of the house.

In 1932 larger premises designed to hold 48 boys were opened on a site generously given near the docks. Very appropriately the money came from both sides of the Atlantic supplemented by a loan from Toc H which fathered the scheme. It is the only Club of its kind in this country.

While staying at the Club a fortnight ago I asked some of the boys what I should tell listeners about the Club. "Tell them it is like a home. It is always something to look forward to when we are at sea," was the reply.

Some months ago a boy wrote to the Warden from his ship, "I have never known what it is to have a home but since I have been staying with you at Talbot House I can appreciate what a real home is like." Then he quaintly added, "It gives you something to hold on to while you are away at sea." A home. Something to look forward to. Something to hold on to. And I would add, something to relieve many a mother's anxiety.

Last April the Warden took me on to a Canadian liner to look for three deck boys from the training ship *Exmouth*. They had been commended to his care by the *Exmouth* authorities. One came from London, one from Leeds, and the third was a homeless orphan. They were duly brought to the Club and have returned on each further visit of the ship to Southampton. I was immensely impressed by the hearty welcome which the Warden received from the officers and men on the ship. No need to ask their opinion of the Club.

Now about this troublesome question of being hard up. Please don't switch off! The boys pay according to their ability, but their means are small. Many are helping their own families. Often an unemployed boy is taken in for nothing till he finds another job. In the winter of 1933 a large number were helped in this way. All of them have now paid off their debt.

The Club has no endowment. We need £700 a year to supplement the boys' payments, and £1,500 to repay the loan from Toc H. Three shipping companies give us grants from collections. We hope many others will do the same.

I am offering you a splendid opportunity of helping the younger generation. While you are listening to this appeal the Merchant Navy is carrying on its ceaseless task for you. These boys are serving you—their welfare is your responsibility. Will you be a good neighbour to them?"

For Friends

We add a few extracts from the Annual Report: "Toc H in its language and ideas has several associations with the sea. Let us therefore consider Southampton which has played a considerable part in shaping the destiny of Shipping, owing to the great forethought and vision of those in whom was vested the responsibility, and who fearlessly embarked on a policy of systematic extension until it bids fair to become the greatest maritime port in the world. With this advancement and progress, to no less degree, has been the desire on the part of the Corporation to see that the vast numbers of her population—of which a big percentage find themselves occupied with transport and communication—should be properly housed, and should have the proper amenities that encourage them to prove worthy citizens.

With the same vision and spirit, those responsible were prompted to create in Talbot House something worthy of this great port. The policy of Talbot House is founded upon the conviction that the vital need of seafaring boys, between the ages of 16 and 20, is an atmosphere suited to develop and deepen character, and to give them the comfort and amenities of home life. These boys are often deprived of the joy of a real home because they have none, or because it is too far away to visit when they are in port. Talbot House gives them a natural home, and the satisfaction that comes of entering into a real fellowship of friends, ever ready to serve the great ebb and flow of outward and homeward bound.

No less have we in mind their needs while they are away in ports overseas. To this end we have endeavoured, wherever possible, to link them up, through the good offices of various existing organisations, and also of our own Toc H Units. They have generously responded to our appeals, helping the boys to appreciate to the full the grandeur and beauty which life holds for them in their travels.

The period covered by the past year has been one of consolidation and steady progress. Simultaneously with the increased use

made of the House by those whose interest it serves there has been a steady expansion in the number of its supporters, and a commencement has been made with the Organisation of a group of "Friends," by means of whom it is hoped to give permanent shape to the volume of kindly support which has encouraged both the Staff and the residents during the past three years.

The number of boys who have stayed at Talbot House has considerably increased during the past year, and, at certain periods, we have been greatly pressed for accommodation. With the future expansion of seaborne traffic from Southampton, the demands upon our resources will, no doubt, be still further taxed. Altogether we received, during 1933—34, 200 different boys, and have served no less than 19,608 meals.

The payments made by the boys are entirely governed by their rate of pay, and we are constantly called upon to house boys who can make little or no contribution in money, for reasons entirely beyond their control. While it is not possible for them, in such circumstances, to make payments, we do encourage them to make proper use of their leisure time, and so learn the spirit of "give and take"—by contributing in service to the House, cleaning and polishing floors, windows, etc., assisting in the kitchen, distemper-painting—at which they have proved no mean experts; thus giving them the satisfaction of maintaining their self-respect until they are fortunate enough to secure another ship.

Club Activities: While it is very difficult to maintain any consistency in this direction, owing to the nature of the floating population we have to deal with, we do, whenever possible, arrange fixtures for Cricket, Football, etc., and in the winter months, such indoor tournaments as tend to keep boys fit both physically and mentally. In the summer there is our week-end Camp, so successfully run at Ford-bridge, which extended from May to September, and at which no less than 127 boys were able to enjoy the glories and beauties surrounding Hampshire's lovely Avon.

The Chapel holds a very real place in the

life of the House, by our Family Prayers nightly, and weekly Celebration of Holy Communion and we hope, in some measure, helps the boys to gain real satisfaction, and guidance to higher desires.

The cost of maintaining the work of Talbot House is a very considerable amount, and, if its work is to go forward, it must not be hampered by the lack of the financial backing which it deserves, and which cannot be contributed by the residents alone. We hope our old friends who are already generous subscribers will signify their approval of the

inauguration of the "Friends of Talbot House" by allowing us to enrol them as Founder Friends, and so give us encouragement to go forward with this new venture in the hope of gaining many undiscovered Friends, who, we feel sure, would be willing to give us that ready support in the same spirit of loyalty that has so generously been given during the past three years.

We also hope that those who already know and approve the work of Talbot House will assist us by endeavouring to interest others, and enrolling them as Friends."

WHY ARE WE IN TOC H?

IN our local group we are quite an ordinary lot; on the average not bad-looking, though some of us might cause amusement in a Men's Bathing Beauty Parade. Our gifts and occupations are varied, but in our different ways we are all trying to live down the very unfair reputation attributed to our town; that of possessing more night-clubs per square yard than any other place in the Country. This is perhaps our main corporate job in Toc H—to prove by deeds, not words, that we are not as bad as we are painted.

Like every unit I have ever met, we strike our "bad patches" occasionally, and in one of these recently, someone asked "Do any of us really know why we are in Toc H?" As no one seemed to be able to provide an intelligent answer, we decided to set aside an evening to discuss it. The Pilot asked us to send in our answers in writing, and, strange to relate, the response to his request was almost unanimous. In the words of the old song "We really had a most delightful evening," and for the first time since we started we were able to look into each other's minds.

Looking through the answers now, it is interesting to see the varied appeal of Toc H to a team of ordinary men. Strangely enough there is only one mention of the Ceremony of Light, ". . . one is brought to think of those who have gone before. This to me in that solemn stillness seems the one thing that Toc H succeeds in doing far better than any other Service." The Four Points of the Compass in the shortened form occur frequently,

and are obviously a help to those who mention them, but it is the Fellowship found in Toc H which seems to make the strongest appeal, and the references to it are numerous. One member writes of "*that indefinable something that holds one to Toc H in spite of oneself, a fellowship and friendship which, when one has experienced it, is impossible to break, and . . . that thought behind it all, the creating of God's Kingdom on Earth.*" The same member sees Toc H "*trying to eliminate class consciousness, which is the cause of half the jealousies and hatreds of most human beings,*" while another speaks of it as "*A wide and broad movement which tries to live down hate and class, and to work for better conditions for the under-dog.*"

There is an interesting phrase in one of the answers which itself provides a "tabloid" definition of the aims and objects of Toc H. The writer thinks well of the movement because it helps him "*to get to know t'other bloke, and to think fairly.*" Another sees it as "*a united family that aims at the good of each for the good of all,*" while another member thinks that "*making friends is the best of all hobbies.*" The latter calls to mind Tubby's description of his own job in The Old House—"being friendly to all comers." There is only one reference to 1914-1918—"the war-time spirit of comradeship in peace-time," but alongside this it is interesting to read the contribution of an "old soldier," who says that he has found in Toc H "*true comradeship which I had seldom known before.*"

The several references to service are no less interesting. Two short answers can be quoted *verbatim* :—

"Toc H gives an opportunity of getting to know the other fellow. Through the friendships thus formed comes service. Through service to my fellow men I believe I am carrying out the will of Christ."

"To learn to know and discipline myself through fellowship and service. To do something to help the Kingdom of God grow within me and around me."

These make good reading, and show that the vision of Toc H's purpose has not been lost.

One member of the Unit supplies ten good reasons for being in Toc H. He sees it as *"a living movement, and I should hate to be associated with an organisation that is dead by stagnation."* He likes also a bit of fun, *"and gets it in Toc H, and what is more, the said fun is clean,"* while he sees the spirit of Toc H like that of its Founder Padre and the common cold—*"very catching."*

Another member's answer is worth quoting *verbatim* because it is the only one that contains the challenge of criticism :—

"I think curiosity was the primary cause. Since then, I have often wondered why I remain. With the fundamental principles of Sacrifice and Service I firmly agree, but fail to find its outlet in this Group. I think of the present serious foreign outlook and grave risks of war. Toc H seems to me to be absolutely out of touch. Personally I thoroughly enjoy the comradeship of the members, but that seems beside the point."

Readers can think out their own reply to this criticism which has been heard before, but it is not easy to answer. One member, taking apparently a longer view of Toc H, is convinced that *"in years to come it will play*

a big part in international affairs and that when the time comes it will be chosen to assert God's will." What a strange admixture of views are to be found in Toc H, even amongst a small handful of men!

The writer of the last answer read out to us quoted words used by Studdart Kennedy during the war, in writing home to his wife about the education and training of his son, Patrick :—

"... Teach him that being a gentleman means using your life to serve and help your fellow men and that it is dishonourable to desire only to make money and be comfortable. If he has brains, teach him that he must use them to lead men on to better things. . . ."

"Last, and most important of all, about his religion. Teach him to love Jesus Christ as the pattern God-man. Teach him that and leave him free. Don't force his religion in any way, specially if he has brains, . . . and do not be pained or shocked so long as he keeps his love of Jesus Christ. Only teach him constantly that a gentleman must give, not get, must serve and not be served . . ."

That seemed to him very wise advice and the kind of thing that we should all be aiming at in Toc H. *"The trouble is, that we are so like Billy Bennett, 'almost a gentleman', but not quite, because we are fonder of getting than of giving, caring more for ourselves than for other people."*

In a recent number of *Punch*, there was a lovely picture of a dutiful parent, proudly taking his first-born out for a walk in a perambulator, on which was displayed the now familiar white card bearing the letter "L." Well, we are all learners in Toc H, and therein lies the value of an occasional evening spent in considering the value of our own membership—to Toc H as well as to ourselves. There are as many answers to the question at the head of this article as there are members in Toc H. There should be just that same number, striving *"to give, not get, to serve and not be served."* B. T. D.



THE OPEN HUSTINGS

The Battle of the 'Flicks'

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

You have asked me, in a footnote, to answer the letter of "Where Ignorance is Bliss" on the Cinema published in the August JOURNAL. This I should find difficult to do as a whole, since there is much that he says with which I agree. I am also one who thoroughly enjoys a visit to the cinema. It is true, however, that I think the theatre to be a greater medium than the Talkies, just as I feel that painting in oils or water-colour is superior in æsthetic achievement to the etching or the woodcut, and certainly the poster. But naturally, I do not say that any of those media cannot be great in its own sphere. However, since no one sets up rivalry between these 'arts' because they both delineate, it is a pity that there should be any sense of debate between the Theatre and the Cinema just because they reproduce Drama.

Cultural Situation

At the same time, however, I personally would be disturbed if I thought lovers of the fine arts found their æsthetic pleasure of landscape rather in beholding etchings or posters than in the deeper treatment of it in paintings. This, it seems to me, is the general cultural situation between stage and screen. The truth of the matter is, quite apart from the economic question, that the Cinema has a popular appeal which the Theatre lacks. This does not mean there is anything derogatory or wrong about the Cinema, but rather that there may be something not right about the Theatre. People go to the Talkies because it gives them something which is in touch with themselves, something in touch with their modern consciousness of dramatic expression. The crudest screen drama is probably more alive to them than the average play set in the neat, pseudo-clever, epigrammatic framework of a stage drawing-room, sustained there by the barest of plots fashioned in the splendid technique with which Ibsen enriched the Theatre, but now worn to a fine threadbareness, and carried off successfully by the histrionic bril-

liance of the actors, which is in many cases above the level of the plays themselves. Sometimes I think the splendid power of the Theatre is running to waste. But that is not for argument just now.

I am asked to answer the following words, "I have seen it stated categorically in the JOURNAL . . . that audiences at a theatre have to work with the actors, sit up and take notice, while in the Cinema they are spoon-fed, they just sit back and drink it all in. I can't think where you got this idea from, Mr. Editor, but, there, I believe you are one of those who have a down on the 'flicks'." The plain and truthful answer is that such an opinion is founded upon my own experience. It is my belief, based on personal judgment, that the drama is the deeper emotional force with a wider power of expression.

Limitations

A good thriller like *The Thirty-nine Steps* probably has more body in it than a quarter of the ordinary stage plays put together; on the other hand, one scene from a fine work like *The Sleeping Clergyman* sweeps most of the film stories, no matter how skilfully reproduced, into the background. Dr. Bridie, in his play, there met the challenge of the screen and gave his audience gripping drama, variety of scene, breadth of treatment and close analysis of character; beat it on points and then, from that reserve of power which lies in the Theatre, gave the two final blows of added depth and intellectual purpose. The limitations to the art of the Cinema do not seem to allow it to stress more than the first essentials of dramatic presentation, either in feeling or in thought. The world of ideas appears also, to be outside its scope.* Here are some words of Mr. Sydney Carroll, the film critic of the SUNDAY TIMES which underline, and, perhaps, overstate my point: "Immediately we enter this wonderful land of film-life we become conscious of a new world—a world which only exists in the superlative. It is a sphere

* I except the genius of Mr. Walt Disney, but his drama is fantasy or faery, not natural.

of distortion, exaggeration, over-emphasis, and the extraordinary. The colossal, the passionate, the terrifying, the ludicrous startle us with lightning-like rapidity and succession until our capacity for sensation becomes almost numbed. The quiet, lovely peace of repose and philosophy is not for the screen." This must surely be so because variety of location within which to unfold a story is the main characteristic of the average screen play, and the action thereto must necessarily be drawn with bare essentials. A fight, a threat, a kiss, a slap in the face, comic business, and the panorama of interest flashes onwards.

The Spectators' response

The stage, on the other hand, uses each scene as the setting for a situation which has to be stated, developed and finally resolved before the play can proceed. No matter how important the plot, a good drama centres its interest upon the inter-play of thought and ideas, forces which fuse together to create emotion in the spectator. So long, therefore, as he follows closely the rise or fall of the scene, he takes an active part in the performance. Where, however, the scene is flashed before him, as upon a screen, in statement of fact or of event, then he merely accepts it and is mainly passive in his response.

Response in the Cinema

Of course a cinema audience can feel. It does, but in my opinion only with the primary emotions, which because they do not spring from any critical activity of the mind, are of the least value æsthetically. A simple illustration drawn from a recent good film may help. When a tribe of African savages tie a white woman to a tree, dance round her and then creep up tortuously to slit her nose I am quickened into an emotion of horror which makes me writhe at the sight of it. Such an experience is not valuable. It is my physical senses alone which are played upon and brought into action. I am, to quote Mr. Carroll again, in that state in which "incidents . . . poured upon the eye like shots from a machine-gun reduce the intelligence to the

level of a lens designed to accept whatever appears in front of it without question." For these reasons, I suggest that the entertainment to be had from the Cinema has a more passive effect upon an audience than that of the Theatre.

Poetry and the Screen

But these views of mine may receive a practical denial. As I write, Professor Rheinhart has finished a talkie reproduction of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. We should await the release of that film with eagerness. Will it succeed? Will it convey the play which Shakespeare wrote to a Cinema audience? The freedom of dramatic treatment in the Elizabethan Theatre is something akin to that of the modern screen-play, and it should be possible to present a lusty plot from that time with added effect. So much for the story. Can the poetry which is the life blood and the spirit of that story, which is the essence and the drama of it, be transmitted to hold the spectator as he is held in the Theatre? If it can then the Cinema deals a terrific blow to the stage. If it fails, then the Theatre preserves its superiority. The stage drama, however, must still find a new dynamic. It must again, make a contact with the demands of a popular audience which will capture the allegiance of those who now feel the Cinema to be more real and more satisfying to the needs of modern dramatic experience. The Greek and the Elizabethan Drama were both popular. A small paragraph in the *Times* says that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be seen in London on October 9. "The performance, with ten minutes' interval will last for two-and-a-half hours. Though produced primarily as a spectacle, no additions or alterations have been made to the text." Very good; but what has been cut, and what connection is there between the 'spectacle' and the 'two-hours-and-a-half'? Those are the questions which for me await solution; the issues which decide the argument.

Yours Sincerely,

MAMELON LOUGHBOLLY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I was so interested in the open letter "on the Flicks" in the August JOURNAL that I have been tempted to answer the writer of it at length, and to state my views on the cinema. They are certain to differ from his, because I am an enthusiastic amateur actor and a devout lover of the theatre, whereas he visits the theatre but rarely. However, our ages are not so diverse, as I am only four years older than he.

When I was at school I had the usual schoolboy's love for the films and went as often as I could afford it or could induce some kind member of the family to treat me. The films were silent in those days. Since then my love for the theatre has grown and I go to it as often as I can. I did not give up the cinema altogether, as acting in any kind of form interested me. But I gradually found that the films began to get more "tripey," and I gave up dropping in casually to see anything that was on, and chose only the films I had some desire to see. This was a little better, but then the supporting programme was usually so appalling that it spoilt the enjoyment of the big film. I was also very careful to time my arrival at the cinema so that I should not enter during the middle of the big picture, as I don't see how anyone can get the full enjoyment from any film when you start it half-way through and are wondering all the time what has gone before and who is who. And then when the beginning of the film comes round you have an idea of what is coming, thus spoiling the surprise and continuity of the story. It is as bad as starting to read a book in the middle and continuing to the end.

I never went to the West End cinemas, as he does, because I did not care to pay the high prices for the films there, but would prefer to wait until they came to my local cinemas, where I could see them more cheaply. I could spend the balance on going to my beloved theatre. That, of course, is only a personal matter.

Audience Behaviour

And then the audiences annoyed me. One hears a great deal about the low standard of the majority of the films produced nowadays, but I think the public get the films they deserve. Whenever a good film comes along, serious or otherwise, they only giggle and laugh in the wrong places and show a bad lack of manners and taste. Let me give one example: "*The Barretts of Wimpole Street*." I had seen the play in London about a year or two previously, and knew what kind of entertainment to expect. The film I thought was very good on the whole, especially for Norma Shearer's exquisite performance as Elizabeth, but all the effect of the producer's care in making the story live ran to waste on the audience. Whenever there should have been a dramatic pause, which the actors played for, the idiots sitting around me giggled and laughed uproariously. When I saw the play with Cedric Hardwicke as the Father he had such a grip over the audience that I would not have dared to laugh or breathe in the wrong place for fear of incurring his wrath. At the end of the film instead of being pleased at having enjoyed a pleasant hour or so, I was in a boiling rage with the rest of the audience. The same thing happened to me when I saw the film version of "*Dangerous Corner*," J. B. Priestely's splendid play. I admit it was not such a good film as "*The Barretts*," but the story was as good, and whenever the subtle workings of the plot should have registered another point in the unravelling of the tale the audience failed to see it. Oh dear! it is very sad. Now I have vowed never to go and see a film version of a book or play previously read or seen by me, the experience is too painful.

I am glad to see that "Bliss" reads all the serious film critics including Miss Lejeune. I always do this as well. The mass of cinema literature, however, is published in the forms of film weeklies and monthly magazines, devoted to the private fads, fancies and

gossips of the movie stars, and very little about the actual progress of the cinema as an art.

It seems to me that the cinema has not emerged from its childhood, and is still trying to imitate its parent the theatre, whereas it should strike out on its own; the opportunities for good films are immense, as long as it does not try to ape theatrical methods. Has "Bliss" read St. John Ervine's book called "The Theatre in my Time"? He is very bitter against the cinema, a bitterness which I did not share when I read the book, but am beginning to do now. One of his remarks remains in my mind: "The cinema will never be great until it has produced a poem." I would ask him to think on that for a little.

Now as to the actual grouse about the JOURNAL not taking any notice of the cinema, I think there is enough film literature published elsewhere without filling the pages of our journals with it as well. I grant, however, that a review of a serious or good film as well as a good play which has some interest to TOC H as a whole would not be amiss now and again. Is that the kind of article he wants?

Lastly, if he would care to discuss this matter with me personally, the Editor has my address and would forward any letter to me. Perhaps a tea-table discussion followed by a visit to the cinema or theatre in order to emphasise our respective points. May I ask him, Mr. Editor, what about it?

Yours faithfully,

THEATRE LOVER.

The Birth of an Idea (?)

DEAR EDITOR,

At a meeting recently a loquacious member departed from the subject in hand and, as most debaters will, worked his pet theory into the proceedings.

This theory was no less a claim than that world peace will never be attained until the world has a single figurehead—a world King, President or Dictator.

The speaker's apparent failure to realise the full implications of this ideal led me in

thought along a glorious trail which improved as each new vista was unfolded, but desiring to keep to the subject matter of the meeting I repressed my desire for publicity for the idea, and wonder if it is worth reproducing briefly here?

A world King, President or Dictator (henceforth K.P.D. for short) to be a success implies that everyone has got to be satisfied and to feel a personal interest. Hence there is only one thing for it—to set about breeding a being that in so many generations will be equal parts of every nation under the sun.

Such tiresome details as to whether instead of equal parts these should be proportional to a nation's size or quality will be left, together with other insoluble problems, as usual to the League of Nations to settle.

Just as a start, however, we might begin with a cross between an Italian and an Abyssinian, an American with a Japanese, an Eskimo with a native of a nice hot place, and so on; you see the idea, no doubt? Just imagine how a judiciously advertised marriage between French and German stock might allay the age-long hatred between those two countries. Of course, such mixed marriages have occurred before, but only as individuals, not as national representatives. Some cynic may suggest that domestic quarrels in such marriages would become International incidents, but of course the candidates would be specially chosen for amiability and placidity, and might even compete for a special Dunmow (or International) fitch of bacon.

After a few generations there would be available a nice (I hope) selection of truly cosmopolitan individuals, one of whom could be chosen world K.P.D., and another as his wife, and every people and nation could feel an equal proprietary interest in, and render equal homage to these personages.

Only so could the ambitious vision escape all those pitfalls of jealousy and malice of which to-day national pride consists. But what an idea!!

Yours truly,

Radlett.

ALREADY MARRIED.

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

Forging the Chain

THE World Chain of Light for the seventh year in succession since it was first conceived in Australia in 1929, will be held on December 11th and 12th, 1935. Both these days have their significance which should not be forgotten; December 11th as the anniversary of the actual birthday of Talbot House, Poperinghe, in 1915, December 12th as Tubby's own birthday.

The symbolism of the Chain of Light is simple and striking; it reminds members all round the world, in one particular twenty-four hours of the year, of their unity in the family of Toc H.

This year, the first Lamp will be lit in the Old House. The Chain is then made by the lighting of the Lamps and Rushlights, in succession from East to West round the World, until, twenty-four hours later, at Poperinghe, the Light is received back, as it were, after its world-wide journey. As the earth rotates on its axis every twenty-four hours, the effect is a chain of lights, and this comes about if Lamps and Rushlights westward of the Old House to the Pacific Ocean are lit at 9 p.m. on December 11th, and all others westward of the Pacific at 9 p.m. on December 12th, in each case 9 p.m. being reckoned as local time.

Lighting the Lamps

All Branches and Groups, therefore, are invited to stand to their Lamps and Rushlights and to hold the Ceremony of Light at 9 p.m., by their own time.

On Wednesday, December 11th.—In Belgium, France, Holland, Great Britain, Ireland, South America, Canada.

On Thursday, December 12th.—In New Zealand, Australia, Japan, China, Malay, Burma, India, Ceylon, Near and Middle East, Africa, and Mediterranean.

For those who may care to use these words at 9 p.m., as they help to forge another link in the Chain, we print them here:

"This (or Last) night in the Upper Room of Talbot House, Poperinghe,

there was lighted a Lamp. Thus began the World Chain of Light, which in twenty-four hours will have encircled the globe. To far friends and near this Flanders household flame doth shine, recalling Christ and true men of His Name. The Sacrifice of the Elder Brethren will be remembered with proud thanksgiving, as the Light is passed on, winged and unwearied, an incentive to the world-wide family of Toc H to follow them in the path of Service and Brotherly Love."

Or, just before the Ceremony of Light, these words written by Tubby:

"Now let the loving-cup of fire
Be lifted over land and sea.
Now may the faith of friends inspire
Our scattered souls with unity.

For other men's to-morrows, these
Broke from their dreams, made brief their day.
Heirs of their spirit will not please
Themselves, but school themselves and say

LIGHT."

The Party for the Old House

1.—*Members who wish to be considered* for inclusion in the small party which will go to Talbot House, Poperinghe, leaving London on the Tuesday night and returning on Friday morning, to assist in starting the Chain, and to keep vigil round the Lamp until it is completed, are asked to write to Paul Slessor at Headquarters by December 1st.

2.—*Time Table of the Journey:* OUTWARD.—Tuesday, December 10th, leave Charing X 7.15 p.m. (dinner on the train) or Victoria 11 p.m.; Wednesday, December 11th, arrive Poperinghe, 7.30 a.m. HOMEWARD.—Thursday, December 12th, leave Poperinghe, 11 p.m.; Friday, December 13th, arrive Victoria 7.40 a.m.

3.—*Cost:* Inclusive fares, dinner on train, berths, board and lodging, tour of the Salient—3rd class rail and steamer, £3-5-0; 3rd class rail and 1st class steamer, £3-17-6.

4.—*Passports* are essential.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Charles Byrne : Cradock Branch, Valparaíso

The Cradock Branch report with the deepest regret the passing away of CHARLIE BYRNE on June 13. He was one of the most active and bright members of the unit, and he will be long remembered.

The Hon. Richard Dickinson, D.S.O. :
Livingstone, Rhodesia

DICKIE was private secretary to Sir Henry Stanley when he was Governor of Northern Rhodesia, and later became assistant Chief Secretary to the Government of Northern Rhodesia. Chairman of the Livingstone Branch, his cheery leadership and optimism largely kept Toc H in Northern Rhodesia alive during the slump and in the dark days when the mines in the Copper Belt closed down. His D.S.O. was won during the war for an air bombing exploit.

P. A. W. Skinner : Chester Group

The Chester Group has suffered a keen loss in the death of Padre SKINNER. His friendliness and great enthusiasm had been a tower of strength to Toc H in Chester since its early days, and his place will not be easy to fill.

T. Edgar Payne : Falkirk Group

EDDIE PAYNE, who died on July 25, was a general member of the Group. He was one of the founders of Toc H in the district, of which he was Pilot, and gave to it a radiant personality and sterling character. Toc H Scotland remembers him as a pioneer.

F. J. Harwood : Poplar Branch

POP, who died on August 21, was the oldest member of the Branch, and although prevented by continued ill-health from attending meetings, managed to spread the spirit of Toc H to those around him.

F. Lindsell : Chelmsford Group

The Group regret the death of one of their general members, F. LINDSELL. He will be missed for his enthusiasm and encouragement to his fellow-members of the Family.

Alistair Patterson : Anerley Group

We regret to announce the death, at the early age of twenty, of PATTERSON, a member of the Anerley Group, who in him have lost a lively participant in the local interests around him.

The Pilgrim's Gift

What can I leave in the Upper Room,
Who am a stranger,
Knowing nought of Life's depths and gloom,
Little of danger?
Here where swift courage mounted flaming
To heights above fear,
Above all power of praise and blaming
And earthly things dear;
Here where prayers of the prayerless
Pierced space like a sword;
Where God's grace was strength and loveliness
Though death spoke, guns roared.
I have no gift worthy of this place,
Who knew not their strife—
It were best to kneel with covered face,
Then go forth—to Life.

L. B.

A BAG OF BOOKS

Two Good Reprints

Christ and Money. By Hugh Martin. S.C.M. 1s.

Christian Beliefs and Modern Questions. By O. C. Quick. S.C.M. 1s.

Both these books which are now published in the Religion and Life Series of the S.C.M. Press have some importance for Toc H. They are short and very readable; concise and rich in argument. Hugh Martin's book, now nine years' old, has a great deal to say on the economic attitude towards life; industry and personal property, which fits in closely with the main feeling of Toc H on those matters. The whole economic view of society has been changing steadily during the last few years; the currents of history, once they had moved the solidarity of the 19th century position through war and social upheaval, have swept economic doctrine and industrial politics into new channels which must force their way in spite of diehardism or any bogey of Combine Capitalism.

But the root of the money problem does not lie there; it lies in a man's awareness of his wishes and needs in relation to the wants and security of his neighbour. Happiness and freedom are not the keynotes of economic theory. The keynote is justice; and Christian justice. What is this? *Christ and Money* attempts to show where it lies. The book, however, cannot go very deeply into some of the problems raised, particularly those which refer to property; but it forms an admirable basis for any further study,

especially so, as an introduction to Professor Tawney's two important works *The Acquisitive Society* and *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*.

Canon Quick's lectures in *Christian Belief and Modern Questions* touch upon another side of life which has also been cracked open by the tide of historical event. The average enemy to the Christian doctrine still bases his attack upon exploded fragments of knowledge. Atheism is not now the formidable adversary, nor is Agnosticism, to both of which Canon Quick brings a useful answer; nor is sheer Godlessness: the danger comes from the unsound issues, abroad among ordinary people, drawn from superficial enquiry into the nature of sin, the Personality of Christ and the Reality of the Holy Spirit in the World.

Canon Quick's little book ought to be an aid to those who wish to understand where certain doctrines stand to-day, especially with a view to putting wise those who are not so well informed.

As with the former book, this one is not difficult or deep but it promotes thought. And one shilling a piece is not an imposition upon the average pocket: even in Toc H.

In Lumine Tuo

In Darkness—Light. By R. C. Grant, adapted from Hans Trausil. Samuel French. 1s.

This short one act mystical play has been adapted by 'Ronnie' Grant, known to so many in Toc H, from *The Wake Light* of Hans Trausil. The action of it takes place during the War and the *motif* is the appearance of "Our Lord" to a group of soldiers, cut off from their fellows, who are hiding in a ruined chapel. The Stranger is mistaken by them for one of the enemy; the Poet Lawrence alone divines who He really is; and the hard embittered Rawlings shoots Him as the officer sends Him away as a half-wit.

The play is straight-forward and probably acts very well on the stage, where the dramatic atmosphere would bring out the 'moral' attitude of each of the characters; make clear the mystical idea, and gloss over the naiveté of the action and thought. It is an incident, dramatic and effective. Acted with simplicity; particularly in the case of the Stranger's 'lines' which in the reading strike one as artificial, this little play for nine men would be useful at Armistice-tide. It is not irrelevant at other times.

ALL HALLOWS PUBLICATIONS

*All orders to be sent to the Secretary, All Hallows Porch Room, Byward Street, E.C.3.
Where two prices are given, the first is for single copies, the second, per dozen.
Postage is extra on all the following prices.*

THE CHURCH

- HISTORY OF ALL HALLOWS, BERKYNGECHURCHE.
By Canon Mason. 1s.; 9s.
A VADE MECUM TO THE CHURCH. 3d.
ALL HALLOWS INTERIOR. A drawing by A. A. Moore. Colour. 22 in. by 16 in. 1s.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF INTERIOR. 2d.
VIEWS OF ALL HALLOWS. 12 photographs, snapshot size. 1s. per packet.
VERN. SAP. A selection of All Hallows' "Way-side Pulpits." 3d.; 2s. 6d.
PEPYS ON TOWER HILL. 6d.; 5s.

CHRISTIAN LIVING

Instruction

- WEEKDAY CHRISTIANITY (Routledge Series).
By P. B. C. and L. G. A. 6d.
THE PRAYER LIFE OF MAN AND BOY. By P. B. C. 3d.; 2s. 6d.
AN INTRODUCTION TO WORSHIP. By Rev. R. L. Barnes. Mowbray. 1s.
HE WORKS IN THE CITY. By P. B. C. Reprinted from the *Daily Express*. 2d.

Devotion

- "THE UPPER ROOM." By P. B. C. 1s.; 10s.
A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING AND REMEMBRANCE. By P. B. C. 3d.; 2s.
AN OLD FASHIONED MANNER OF FAMILY PRAYER. 2d.
FIVE OLD COLLECTS FOR TOC H. 1d.; 9d.
STEPPING STONES. 2d.; 1s. 6d.
"THE CARPENTER'S BENCH." A Hymn. By P. B. C. 3d.

FOR TOC H

- THE ROLL OF THE ELDER BRETHREN. 4s. 6d.
GILBERT TALBOT. Canon Scott Holland. 3d.
EARTHQUAKE LOVE. By P. B. C. Published by Geoffrey Bles. 3s. 6d.
LETTERS FROM FLANDERS. By P. B. C. Preface by B. B. Centenary Press. 3s. 6d.

BANGWENT SERIES

Uniform Price, 6d.; 5s.

1. *The Gen.* By P. B. C.
2. *Why Men Love England.* By Sir Kenyon Vaughan Morgan.
3. *The Salient Facts.* By Rev. G. H. Woolley, V.C., and P. B. C.
4. *Fishers of Men.* By P. B. C.
5. *Magic Persian Carpet.* By P. B. C.
6. *Onward Bound.* By Verrier Elwin.
7. *A Tribulation of Tower Hill.* By Canon Mason.
8. *As of a Lamp.* Fr. Gerard Sampson, C.R.
9. *Great Tower Hill Regained.* By P. B. C.
10. *In Death not Divided.* By P. B. C.
11. *Four Thoughts on Toc H.*
12. *The Holy War and Grace Abounding.* Chapters from John Bunyan.
13. *Field Marshal Standfast.* Lord Plumer and Toc H. By P. B. C.
14. *Toc H in Action.* By P. B. C.
15. *"Siddy."* Major Guy Sydenham Hoare. By P. B. C.

PICTURES

- ALL HALLOWS INTERIOR. A drawing by A. A. Moore. Colour. 22 in. by 16 in. 1s.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF INTERIOR. 2d.
VIEWS OF ALL HALLOWS. 12 photographs, snapshot size. 1s. per packet.
THE UPPER ROOM, POPERINGHE, 1916. A drawing. 14 in. by 10 in. 4d.; 3s.
THE UPPER ROOM, TALBOT HOUSE. A postcard in colours. 2d.; 1s. 6d.
"HERE IS A QUIET ROOM." 4d.; 3s.
CHAPEL OF LITTLE TALBOT HOUSE, YPRES. Etching, 9 in. by 6½ in. 6d.; 4s. 6d.
THE TOC H PRAYER. In two colours. Stiff paper, 11½ in. 6d.; 4s. 6d.
THE TOWER OF LONDON. Reproduction in colour of an old print. 6d.; 4s. 6d.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From Aden

The Group at Khormaksar (Aden) reports that, after a period of going slow, it is now "once more on its feet." An interesting account comes from Arthur Vincent, fitter A.E., R.A.F., stationed there, of a visit paid by members to Shaikh Othman. He writes that "Shaikh Othman Gardens are always visited by tourists calling at Aden: there is very little else of interest to visit. They provide the nearest spot of green vegetation to the airmen at Khormaksar." On August 15, members and probationers of Khormaksar and Steamer Point Groups repaired to the gardens, where they spent some time "attempting to trace smells which might remind us of an English rose-garden and provide a welcome relief to the usual smells of the East." This was the preliminary to lunch at the Padre's bungalow and the business of the afternoon—a visit to the Leper Hospital, for most of them their first visit. Here the hospital compound, with its many date palms, seemed very beautiful to visitors unaccustomed to so much greenery. In the centre are the quarters of twenty or thirty

lepers. "The sight of these is something to make one think and to stir the heart, and although we were told that there were no really bad cases at present in the Hospital, there was enough to show us the appalling suffering caused by this dread disease. At the same time we realised the wonderfully good work which Dr. Napier is doing here and which very few people know about. . . . The lepers are encouraged to do about one hour's manual work each day, provided they are capable. This usually takes the form of date collecting, the general care of the trees and plants in the compound, and the repairs to the surrounding mud-walls, for which they make their own mud bricks. The work is paid for by chits which are handed in at the Hospital 'bank.' On leaving, the patient visits the 'bank' and receives the value of his work chits in money. This may only amount to 9d. or 1s., but he is very pleased to receive it." He adds: "Our desire to help the lepers has been strengthened and our thanks to God for a sound body are heartfelt."

From Shanghai

SHANGHAI GROUP is clearly not afraid to seek the truth about itself and to let others know about it. "Circular No. 56" (the Group's *Fortnightly Notes*, recording the meeting of June 25) has reached us. Avoiding any of the 'window-dressing' employed by some units (not the best ones) in annual 'Re-kindling' reports and the like, the recorder says:—"This meeting was to have been an evening on the river. Cloud, wind and rain conspired against us . . . and we adjourned to the Church House. The hardy few who turned up supped in comfort and sang without effort. For once in a way, there was no programme and no chairman. Dixon took 'Light' and then things began to happen. Spontaneous combustion! Denham said something about jobs, and that pooped us off. Padre and Pilot pricked up their ears,

threw off their gas-masks and fed the flames with a will, the one with a Pauline-inspired and much-needed homily on enthusiasm and the other with reading Oswald Bell's article ('*Jobs and Life*') from the May JOURNAL. Sparks flew in all directions. When the smoke had cleared, we saw a brighter, clearer vision of the Toc H way of service and of purpose. Our dissatisfactions were reflected back by the brightness of the vision, and in these reflections we saw some of our individual and private uglinesses—pride, sloth, selfishness, diffidence, cockiness, carelessness, irresponsibility gibbered at us, faults which—more fearfully than the rest—each only knew for himself. Then we prayed.

And so we came to know vividly that the fault lay not in the weakness and slackness of the Group but in ourselves—a bracing

thought and one that we should not again lose sight of. Those who consider it obvious would do well to ponder awhile on the implications that Toc H as a definite, disciplined way of life and not merely a medium for sentimental satisfaction of the *ego* is not sufficiently widely recognised, let alone practised.

If Jobbie doesn't get mixed up in reactions from this meeting, we're dead and the sooner we break up and return our Rushlight the better. The 'inferiority complex' never built anything but a tomb. To those who weren't there—you missed something worth while. Don't risk it again. To those who were there 'girding up the loins,' 'pulling up the socks,' 'gritting the teeth,' 'smiling through' are all rather redundant phrases. Let's go! Our biggest and never-ending jobs, we now see, are to build, to love, to think and to witness, above all to love."

The next three meetings, it was announced, were to be devoted to a consideration of "The right use of Leisure"—an echo, if we mistake not, of a successful course held by London Toc H a year ago. The Shanghai padre was to lead off on "The value of Leisure and its use" and other members were to follow up with talks on reading, the theatre and cinema, music and hobbies at the second meeting, while sports and social service were to occupy the third. How well they tackled these topics can be gathered from "Circulars Nos. 57 and 58" where the talks and discussions are summarised.

We are also able to quote from a long letter written by a member of Shanghai Group to a member of his old Branch in Yorkshire. After describing some of the jobs of personal friendship which the Group has been doing, he goes on:—"I sometimes wonder just what interest the average English member of Toc H has in his brothers overseas. I must frankly admit that before I came out East I was just a little bored by the emphasis placed on Overseas work by H.Q. Staff and the JOURNAL, and I could not understand why they were always talking about the need for more Overseas staff. Since coming to Shanghai, however, my ideas have changed, and,

although I still recognise the tremendous importance of Toc H in England, I am now able to appreciate the wonderful opportunities—and indeed the urgent necessity—for Toc H in the colonies and in foreign countries. I would say that if Toc H did nothing more in Shanghai than just get fellows meeting together in the sane, jolly, Christian atmosphere characteristic of Toc H, it would be well worth while. Its chief job, I would certainly say, is meeting the young fellow coming out from Home and seeing that he is befriended and guided through his first few months. Until one has experienced it, one cannot imagine the loneliness of finding one's self in a strange country. . . . It is here that Toc H can make a marvellous difference by providing real friends who have something in common who can give advice and assistance and whom one knows one can trust: believe me, it *is* a difference. Another big responsibility of the units in ports is looking after the seafaring chaps, both members of Toc H and particularly unattached men. A sailor's life is a lonely one. . . . Partly through the missions to seamen and partly in other ways, we have been able to entertain many A.B.'s and Cadets at our Hut and our homes, and we now have a host of friends who look back on their visits to Shanghai with joy, and know that when next they come this way there will be someone to welcome them."

He goes on to describe the isolation of members in the East and continues:—"The Lone Units Committee does what is can to assist but there is nothing like personal contact, and it is this situation, whether in the Far East, New Zealand or South Africa, which has prompted the call for more staff, who can spend their time, not just travelling between units, but teaching and correcting and linking up and strengthening—things that we are ill-equipped for. We have long hoped for a whole-time man in the East, and our dreams seem almost accomplished, for the bulk of the money has been guaranteed to support a man here for two years, and we are hoping that he will come out this Autumn. This will make a tremendous difference, and will help us to make Toc H the real force that it ought to be in a place like this."

From Hong Kong

The printed sheet of "*Notes for June and July*" which has reached us is very interesting, but still more so is a copy of the talk given by Roland Koh, the first Chinese to become a full member of Hong Kong Group. He spoke at his initiation on August 1. "I am proud," he said, "not because I am the first Chinese to be initiated in Hong Kong, but because Toc H means something very much more to me than that. Of all the clubs I belong to, I value Toc H above them all, because for most of the clubs, so long as we pay our subscriptions, keep sober and behave ourselves, we can be a member and remain a member. But keeping sober and paying our subscriptions will not keep us to Toc H. It requires service out of us. . . . It is the stuff in us that makes us belong or not belong to Toc H. So to be in the family of Toc H and continue to be its member is something to be proud of as it reflects the material we are made of." He went on to speak of the fellowship he had found in Toc H and of the jobs in Hong Kong, especially from the point of view of "the great benefit they will have

on improving the relationship between our two countries." "Just imagine," he said, "What a favourable impression will be created on the minds of the relatives and friends of a Chinese who returns from Hong Kong to his native village telling them that he would not have recovered from this last sickness had not an Englishman in Hong Kong transferred some blood to him." He also referred to the work of Toc H volunteers in the Street Sleepers' Shelters and to the attempt which thirty members of the Group made to help the villagers of Pak Tam to build a dyke for the protection of their fish-pond—an attempt which was stopped by the Consul General owing to the inadvisability of so many Englishmen, especially Service men, going over into China proper at that particular time. Roland Koh ended his speech by saying: "I consider Toc H one of the best means whereby we can devote our time to the service of God, so that we may not only praise Him with our lips but also in our lives. In closing I repeat what I said at the beginning: I will try to be the best I can be."

From the South Western Area

The South West once again takes limelight, but this time a trifle nervously, for the scribe is new to the job, and wishes that the former trumpeter had not deserted his native soil for London clay. But, re-assured by your kind indulgence, we will proceed.

There has already been a good response throughout the Area to Sutherland Graeme's challenging letter. Most of us got a shock when we realised just how little we were paying towards the wider needs of the Family beyond our own units. This financial crisis has taught us the valuable lesson that, to quote our Area Quarterly, *The Light Knight*, "the principle of leaping for joy fits into the financial scheme of things . . . in giving money for the spreading of Toc H we give ourselves."

Toc H, unorthodox sort of show though it may be, is making steady progress in this ultimate outpost of die-hard conservatism, and

increasing care is being taken to ensure that foundations are well laid. Branches now number 17, and Groups 31. Since our last report, *Braunton, Dorchester, Gunnislake* and *Looe* have received Rushlights. Congratulations and best wishes to them all, and a hearty handshake to *South Petherton*, which has gained Branch status. Groping is being carefully watched and fostered at *Colyton, Budleigh Salterton*, the suburbs of Plymouth, and one or two likely spots in West Somerset.

Reports from established units show that while the majority have nothing of outstanding general interest to mention, good progress is being made in the things which really matter, and a steady heightening of standards is being maintained. It is good to be able to report that many more seaside units have kept going throughout the summer than usual, despite heavy business calls on members.

Their reward has been with them, for their visitors from distant units have been legion. In fact, the membership of one small group was consistently outnumbered by visiting members throughout the 'season.' The value of these visits to both sides need not be enlarged upon, but we still suspect that many members come West for holidays, and do not look us up. Believe us, you do not know what you miss!

In this Area, there are several Homes for Wayfarers, most of them in close touch with neighbouring Toc H units. One of the most interesting of these is the Blackborough Home, near Cullompton, Devon, of which the Warden and Assistant Warden are respectively Gilbert Wadoux and Val Flannery, both well-known to Mark I. Units in Devon are helping the Home's work of reclaiming men from the road by convening committees of influential people in various centres which get to work to raise the money needed to run the Home. Another job of outstanding interest is being tackled by Weymouth. The Branch there is closely connected with the nearby Borstal institution, and is trying to obtain the co-operation of other units in the Area in an effort to save the lads who leave Borstal "from being punished for being punished." This scheme deserves the closer attention of all our units.

Two seasonal jobs are worth mentioning. The first is that several units have done good work in giving holidays to blind people. Teignmouth takes first prize for this, having entertained six such people, each accompanied by a guide, for a week each. Kingsbridge appears to come second, having looked after three couples. Then, London children on holiday under the C.C.H.F. scheme have been entertained in various ways up and down the Area.

Reports show that many new avenues are being explored by units, most of whom are hoping to extend their fields of service this winter. Jobmasters everywhere are more and more stressing the importance of individual jobs of service.

District activities are increasingly to the fore. The training scheme for potential unit leaders, which the Area Staff have been run-

ning through the Districts, has already proved its worth in turning out keen and capable leaders for units which were previously handicapped by lack of them. Several District Guest-nights have been held. Rex Calkin in the Torbay District, and Greeno in West Somerset and West Devon, have been handing on some of their more reputable experiences in Australia, intermingled in the latter case with typically Greenoesque nonsense about Killawayos and Swazi warriors! Alec Gammon has been in West Devon, too, talking about Toc H in Ceylon. We do value these opportunities of looking beyond our parish pump. The North Devon units have gone all historical, and spent an evening together exploring the ruins of the monastery at Fritherstock, while Alan Stapley has been expounding on finance and other things in the constituency which he represents on the Central Council.

In West Cornwall, a District Re-Dedication Service was held on a beautiful June evening at St. Pirian's Oratory—the Buried Church—which lies hidden remotely among the great dunes of the Gear Sands, near Perranporth, and which lay for centuries completely covered in and forgotten until revealed by a gale. About one hundred members followed the trail of white stones across the wilderness to take part in the quiet Service, and the thoughts inspired, together with the wonderful Atlantic sunset, made their homegoing afterwards across the changing yet ever changeless sands, one of tranquil happiness.

Thirty members from all parts of the Area shared an intimate experience in May which will be a living memory to them always, when they joined the Area Pilgrimage to Poperinghe. They are shortly having a re-union meeting to talk over and share their reactions.

We are facing this winter with but one regret. Frank Urwin, who has been joint Area Padre for the last eighteen months, and has done great things for Toc H in this Area, has been recalled to parochial duties. Although he will still be in Exeter, a friend in need, we shall miss him badly from the Area Staff, and we should like him to know how greatly we appreciate the work he has done for Toc H in the West.

F. G.